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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Europe, during the French Revolution. Vols. III. and IV. embracing the period of the Directory and the Consulate, &c. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Edinburgh, 1835, W. Blackwood and Sons; London, Cadell.

THE third and fourth volumes of this excellent and elaborate work have just come to hand; yet, in the cursory view which we have been necessarily compelled to take of their contents, we every where see evidences of the same patient investigation of authorities, the same comprehensiveness of details, the same impartiality in the scrutiny of facts, which rendered the two former volumes so valuable an addition to our stores of modern history. The tone of composition is also equally eloquent throughout; and, although the political principles of the author are not disguised, we have not met with one circumstance distorted in any degree to suit these principles, or his own particular views. His statements are candid and impartial; his information, collected from a hundred jarring sources, after being carefully purified and strained from errors and prejudices, is presented to us without adventitious colouring; and the general remarks elicited from the review of the historical occurrences, both with reference to their causes and effects, are embodied with a philosophical spirit, and a generosity of feeling equally honourable to his head and heart.

Volume the third opens with the appearance of Napoleon on the great stage of the Revolution, and is prefaced with a narrative of his personal history—his birth and education—his first services in Corsica and in Toulon—his marriage with Josephine—and a sketch of his early lieutenants; and after an animated description of the first Italian campaign, comprehending the passage of the Bridge of Lodi, the battles of Montenotte and Arcola, the fall of Mantua, and the treaty of Tolentino, the section concludes with the following admirable observations:—

“Such was the campaign of 1796—glorious to the French arms, memorable in the history of the world. Certainly on no former occasion had successes so great been achieved in so short a time, or powers so vast been vanquished by forces so inconsiderable. From maintaining a painful contest on the mountain ridges of their own frontier, from defending the Var and the maritime Alps, the Republicans found themselves transported to the Tyrol and the Tagliamento, threatening the hereditary states of Austria, and subduing the whole southern powers of Italy. An army which never mustered 50,000 men in the field, though maintained by successive reinforcements nearly at that amount, had not only broken through the barrier of the Alps, subdued Piedmont, conquered Lombardy, humbled the whole Italian states, but defeated, and almost destroyed, four powerful armies which Austria raised to defend her possessions, and wrenched the keys of

Mantua from her grasp, under the eyes of the greatest array of armed men she had ever sent into the field. Successes so immense, gained against forces so vast, and efforts so indefatigable, may almost be pronounced unparalleled in the annals of war.* But, although its victories in the field had been so brilliant, the internal situation of the Republic was in the highest degree discouraging; and, it was more than doubtful, whether it could continue for any length of time even so glorious a contest. Its condition is clearly depicted in a secret report, presented, by order of the Directory, on 20th December, 1796, by General Clarke to Napoleon:—‘The lassitude of war is experienced in all parts of the Republic. The people ardently desire peace; their murmurs are loud that it is not already concluded. The legislature desires it, commands it, no matter at what price; and its continued refusal to furnish to the Directory the necessary funds to carry on the contest, is the best proof of that fact. The finances are ruined; agriculture in vain demands the arms which are required for cultivation. The war is become so universal, as to threaten to overturn the Republic; all parties, worn out with anxiety, desire the termination of the Revolution. Should our internal misery continue, the people, exhausted by suffering, having found none of the benefits which they expected, will establish a new order of things, which will in its turn generate fresh revolutions, and we shall undergo, for twenty or thirty years, all the agonies consequent on such convulsions.’ Much of Napoleon’s success was no doubt owing to the admirable character, unwearied energy, and idiomitable courage of the troops which composed the French army. The world had never seen an array framed of such materials. The terrible whirlwind which had overthrown the fabric of society in France, the patriotic spirit which had brought its whole population into the field, the grinding misery which had forced all its activity into war, had formed a union of intelligence, skill, and ability, among the private soldiers, such as had never before been witnessed in modern warfare. The middling—even the higher ranks—were to be seen with a musket on their shoulders; the great levies of 1793 had spared neither high nor low; the career of glory and ambition could be entered only through the humble portals of the bivouac. Hence it was that the spirit which animated them was so fervent, and their intelligence so remarkable, that the humblest grenadiers anticipated all the designs of their commanders, and knew of themselves, in every situation of danger and difficulty, what should be done. When Napoleon spoke to them, in his proclamations, of Brutus, Scipio, and Tarquin, he was addressing men whose

* In his confidential despatch to the Directory of 28th December, 1796, Napoleon states the force with which he commenced the campaign at 38,500 men, the subsequent reinforcements at 12,600, and the losses by death and incurable wounds at 7000. There can be no doubt that he enormously diminished his losses and reinforcements: for the Directory maintained he had received reinforcements to the amount of 57,000 men.—*Correspondent*, li. 312.”

hearts thrilled at the recollections which these names awakened; and when he led them into action after a night-march of ten leagues, he commanded those who felt as thoroughly as himself the inestimable importance of time in war. With truth might Napoleon say that his soldiers had surpassed the far-famed celerity of Cæsar’s legions. But much as was owing to the troops who obeyed, still more was to be ascribed to the general who commanded in this memorable campaign. In this struggle is to be seen the commencement of the new system of tactics which Napoleon brought to such perfection; that of accumulating forces in a central situation, striking with the whole mass the detached wings of the enemy, separating them from each other, and compensating by rapidity of movement for inferiority of numbers. All his triumphs were achieved by the steady and skilful application of this principle. At Montenotte he broke into the centre of the Austro-Sardinian army, when it was executing a difficult movement through the mountains, separated the Piedmontese from the Imperialists, accumulated an overwhelming force against the latter at Dego, and routed the former when detached from their allies at Mondovi. When Wurmser approached Verona, with his army divided into parts separated from each other by a lake, Napoleon was on the brink of ruin; but he retrieved his affairs by sacrificing the siege of Mantua, and falling with superior numbers, first on Quasdanovitch at Lonato, and then on Wurmser at Castiglione. When the second irruption of the Germans took place, and Wurmser still continued the system of dividing his troops, it was by a skilful use of his central position that Napoleon defeated these efforts: first assailing with a superior force the subsidiary body at Roveredo, and then pursuing, with the rapidity of lightning, the main body of the invaders through the gorges of the Brenta. When Alvinzi assumed the command, and Vaubois was routed in the Tyrol, the affairs of the French were all but desperate; but the central positions and rapid movements of Napoleon again restored the balance; checking, in the first instance, the advance of Davidovich on the plateau of Rivoli, and next engaging in a mortal strife with Alvinzi in the marshes of Arcola. When Austria made her final effort, and Alvinzi surrounded Joubert at Rivoli, it was only by the most rapid movements, and almost incredible activity, that the double attack was defeated; the same troops crushed the main body of the Austrians on the steeps of the Monte Baldo, who afterwards surrounded Provera on the Lake of Mantua. The same system has since been pursued with the greatest success by Wellington in Portugal, and Napoleon himself at Dresden, and in the plains of Champagne. But, towards the success of such a system of operations, it is indispensable that the troops who undertake it should be superior in bodily activity and moral courage to their adversaries, and that the general-in-chief can securely leave a slender force to cope with the

enemy in one quarter, while he is accumulating his masses to overwhelm them in another. Unless this is the case, the commander who throws himself at the head of an inconsiderable body into the midst of the enemy, will be certain of meeting instead of inflicting disaster. Without such a degree of courage and activity as enables him to calculate with certainty upon hours, and sometimes minutes, it is impossible to expect success from such a hazardous system. Of this a signal proof occurred in Bohemia, in 1813, when the French, encouraged by their great triumph before Dresden, threw themselves inconsiderately into the midst of the allies in the mountains of Toplitz; but, meeting there with the undaunted Russian and Prussian forces, they experienced the most dreadful reverses, and in a few days lost the whole fruit of a mighty victory. The disasters of the Austrians were mainly owing to the injudicious system which they so perseveringly adopted, of dividing their force into separate bodies, and commencing an attack at the same time at stations so far distant that the attacking columns could render little assistance to each other. This system may succeed very well against ordinary troops, or timorous generals, who, the moment they hear of their flank being turned, or their communications menaced, lay down their arms, or fall back; but, against intrepid soldiers, and a resolute commander, who turn fiercely on every side, and bring a preponderating mass first against one assailant, and then another, it is almost sure of leading to disasters. The aulic council were not to blame for adopting this system, in the first instance, against the French armies, because it might have been expected to succeed against ordinary troops, and had done so in many previous instances; but they were inexcusable for continuing it so long, after the character of the opponents with whom they had to deal had so fully displayed itself. The system of concentric attacks rarely succeeds against an able and determined enemy, because the chances, which the force in the centre has of beating first one column and then another, are so considerable. When it does, it is only when the different masses of the attacking party, as at Leipzig and Dresden, are so immense, that each can stand a separate encounter for itself, or can fall back in the event of being outnumbered, without seriously endangering, by such a retreat, the safety of the other assailing columns. The Italian campaign demonstrates, in the most signal manner, the vast importance of fortresses in war, and the vital consequence of such a barrier to arrest the course of military conquest. The surrender of the fortresses of Coni, Alexandria, and Tortona, by giving the French a secure base for their operations, speedily made them masters of the whole of Lombardy, while the single fortress of Mantua arrested their victorious arms for six months, and gave time to Austria to collect no less than four powerful armies for its deliverance. No man understood this better than Napoleon; and accordingly, without troubling himself with the projects so earnestly pressed upon him of revolutionising Piedmont, he grasped the fortresses, and thereby laid the foundation for all his subsequent conquests. Without the surrender of the Piedmontese citadels, he would not have been able to push his advantages in Italy beyond the Po; but for the bastions of Mantua, he might have carried them, as in the succeeding campaign, to the Danube. It is melancholy to reflect on the degraded state of the Italian powers during this terrible struggle. An invasion, which brought on all her people unheard of calamities,

which overspread her plains with bloodshed, and exposed her cities to rapine, was unable to excite the spirit of her pacific inhabitants; and neither of the contending powers deemed it worth their while to bestow a serious thought on the dispositions or assistance of the twenty millions of men who were to be the reward of the strife. The country of Cæsar and Scipio, of Cato and Brutus, beheld in silent dismay the protracted contest of two provinces of its ancient empire, and prepared to bow the neck in abject submission to either of its former vassals which might prove victorious in the strife. A division of the French army was sufficient to disperse the levies of the Roman people. Such is the consequence of political divisions, and long-continued prosperity, even in the richest and most favoured countries; and of that fatal policy which withers the spirits of men, by habituating them to degrading occupations, and renders them incapable of asserting their national independence, by destroying the warlike spirit by which alone it can be permanently secured. Finally, this campaign evinced in the most signal manner the persevering character and patriotic spirit of the Austrian people, and the prodigious efforts of which its monarchy is capable, when roused by real danger to vigorous exertion. It is impossible to contemplate, without admiration, the vast armies which they successively sent into the field, and the unconquerable courage with which they returned to a contest where so many thousands of their countrymen had perished before them. Had they been guided by greater, or opposed by less ability, they unquestionably would have been successful; and even against the soldiers of the Italian army, and the genius of Napoleon, the scales of fortune repeatedly hung equal. A nation, capable of such sacrifices, can hardly ever be permanently subdued; a government, actuated by such steady principles, must ultimately be triumphant. Such, accordingly, has been the case in the present instance: aristocratic firmness in the end asserted its wonted superiority over democratic vigour; the dreams of republican equality have been forgotten, but the Austrian government remains unchanged; the French eagles have retired over the Alps; and Italy, the theatre of so much bloodshed, has finally remained to the successors of the Cæsars."

Mr. Alison, after a masterly sketch of the agitations produced in the British parliament by the progress of revolutionary enterprise and sentiment on the continent, passes from the termination of the patriotic war in *La Vendée* to the wider field of Germany, the advance of Moreau through the Black forest, and of Jourdan into Franconia, and brings beautifully before us the able, but ultimately unsuccessful, designs of the Archduke Charles to defeat the terrible invasion which threatened his country.

From the difficulties of Germany, we pass, at the opening of section third, to those of England at the commencement of 1797, caused by the suspension of cash payments, the debates on reform, and the mutiny of the fleet. The naval successes of St. Vincent and Camperdown follow; and then come the overthrow of Venice and the revolutionising of Genoa. These events call forth some general reflections, which, although tinged with the peculiar views of the author, are full of eloquence and fine philosophy.

"These transactions throw as important a light upon the moral as the intellectual character of Napoleon. To find a parallel to the dissimulation and rapacity by which his conduct to Venice was characterised, we must

search the annals of Italian treachery; the history of the nations to the north of the Alps, abounding as it does in deeds of atrocity, is stained by no similar act of combined duplicity and violence. This opens a new and hitherto unobserved feature in his character, which is in the highest degree important. The French republican writers uniformly represent his Italian campaigns as the most pure and glorious period of his history, and portray his character, at first almost perfect, as gradually deteriorated by the ambition and passions consequent on the attainment of supreme power. This was, in some respects, true, but in others the reverse; his moral character never again appears so base as during his earlier years; and, contrary to the usual case, it was in some particulars improved by the possession of regal power, and to the last moment of his life was progressively throwing off many of the unworthy qualities by which it was at first stained. Extraordinary as this may appear, abundant evidence of it will be found in the sequel of this work. It was the same with Augustus, whose early life, disgraced by the proscriptions and horrors of the triumvirate, was almost overlooked in the wisdom and beneficence of his imperial rule. Nor is it difficult to perceive in what principle of our nature the foundation is laid for so singular an inversion of the causes which usually debase the human mind. It is the terrible effect of revolution, as Madame de Staël has well observed, to obliterate altogether the ideas of right and wrong, and, instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, to apply no other test in general estimation to public actions but success. It was out of this corrupted atmosphere that the mind of Napoleon, like that of Augustus, at first arose, and it was then tainted by the revolutionary profligacy of the times; but with the possession of supreme power he was called to nobler employments, relieved from the necessity of committing iniquity for the sake of advancement, and brought in contact with men professing and acting on more elevated principles; and in the discharge of such duties he cast off many of the stains of his early career. This observation is no impeachment of the character of Napoleon; on the contrary it is its best vindication. His virtues and talents were his own; his vices, in part at least, the fatal bequest of the revolution. The conduct of Austria, if less perfidious, was not less a violation of every principle of public right. Venice, though long wavering and irresolute, was at length committed in open hostilities with the French republic. She had secretly nourished the imperial as well as the republican forces; she had given no cause of offence to the allied powers; she had been dragged, late indeed and unwillingly, but irrevocably, into a contest with the republican forces; and if she had committed any fault, it was in favour of the cause in which Austria was engaged. Generosity in such circumstances would have prompted a noble power to throw the weight of its influence in favour of its unfortunate neighbour. Justice forbade that it should do any thing to aggravate its fate; but to share in its spoliation, to seize upon its capital, and extinguish its existence, is an act of rapacity for which no apology can be offered, and which must for ever form a foul stain on the Austrian annals. Nor can the aristocracy of Venice be absolved from their full share of the blame consequent on the destruction of their country. It was clearly pointed out to them; and they might have known, that the contest in which Europe was engaged with France was one of

such a kind as to admit of no neutrality or compromise; that those who were not with the democratic party were against them; that their exclusive and ancient aristocracy was, in an especial manner, the object of republican jealousy; and that if they were fortunate enough to escape destruction at the hands of the French armies, they certainly could not hope to avoid it from their own revolutionary subjects. Often, during the course of the struggle, they held the balance of power in their hands, and might have interposed with decisive effect in behalf of the cause which was ultimately to be their own. Had they put their armies on a war footing, and joined the Austrians when the scales of war hung even at Castiglione, Arcola, or Rivoli, they might have rolled back the tide of revolutionary conquest, and secured to themselves and their country an honoured and independent existence. They did not do so; they pursued that timid policy which is ever the most perilous in presence of danger; they shrunk from a contest which honour and duty alike required, and were, in consequence, assailed by the revolutionary tempest when they had no longer the power to resist it, and doomed to destruction amidst the maledictions of their countrymen, and the contempt of their enemies. Last in the catalogue of political delinquency, the popular party are answerable for the indulgence of that insane and unpatriotic spirit of faction which never fails, in the end, to bring ruin upon those who indulge it. Following the phantom of democratic ambition—forgetting all the ties of kindred and country in the pursuit of popular exaltation, they leagued with the stranger against their native land, and paralysed the state in the moment of its utmost peril by the fatal passions which they introduced into its bosom. With their own hands they tore down the venerable ensign of St. Mark; with their own oars they ferried the invaders across the Laguna, which no enemy had passed for 1400 years; with their own arms they subjugated the senate of their country, and compelled, in the last extremity, a perilous and disgraceful submission to the enemy. They received in consequence the natural and appropriate reward of such conduct,—the contempt of their enemies, the hatred of their friends; the robbery of their trophies, the partition of their territory, the extinction of their liberties, and the annihilation of their country. What a contrast to this timid and vacillating conduct in the rulers, and these flagitious passions in the people of Venice, does the firmness of the British government, and the spirit of the British people, afford at this juncture! They, too, were counselled to temporise in danger, or yield to the tempter; they, too, were shaken in credit and paralysed by revolt; they, too, were assailed by democratic ambition, and urged to conciliate and yield as the only means of salvation. The Venetian aristocracy did what the British aristocracy were urged to do. They cautiously abstained from hostilities with the revolutionary power; they did nothing to coerce the spirit of disaffection in their own dominions; they yielded at length to the demands of the populace, and admitted a sudden and portentous change in the internal structure of the constitution. Had the British government done the same they might have expected similar results to those which there took place; to see the revolutionary spirit acquire irresistible force, the means of national resistance prostrated by the divisions of those who should wield them, and the state become an easy prey to the ambition of those neighbouring powers

who had fomented its passions to profit by its weakness. From the glorious result of the firmness of the one, and the miserable consequences of the pusillanimity of the other, a memorable lesson may be learned both by rulers and nations: that courage in danger is often the most prudent, as well as the most honourable course; that periods of foreign peril are never those in which considerable internal changes can with safety be adopted; and that, whatever may be the defects of government, they are the worst enemies of their country who league with foreign nations for their redress."

[To be continued.]

The Heir Presumptive. By Lady Stepney. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1835. Bentley.

THERE are a certain set of individuals who come into the world under very favourable auspices. They are asked out to dinners—the said dinners often given especially on their account,—preserves are kept for their particular double-barrel, mothers flatter, and daughters are ready to marry them. It seems scarcely necessary to name the species we have been describing; such description could only suit the "Heir Apparent." Next comes the class of the *Heir Presumptive*, a class which also has its immunities, but subject to the drawbacks of uncertainty and "ill luck." Uncles sometimes will marry, even after such a step has long been considered impossible; and children are born without any consideration for hopes which have almost been their own warrant of fulfilment. Moreover the *Heir Presumptive* is placed in a more delicate position. He cannot rely on the partiality of a parent to throw a veil over any extravagances, which, under favouring circumstances, are only styled the exuberances of youth. An *Heir Presumptive* is, however, from the mere fact of being surrounded by more difficulties, only the better fitted for the hero of a novel. Lady Stepney has, therefore, chosen her hero well, and so she has the site of her story; it is laid in a fine ancient baronial castle in Wales, in a wild mountainous country (by the by there are some most picturesque touches of description), and this stately old pile is inhabited by the family of a Roman Catholic nobleman. The scenes vary from Wales to Italy—and thence to Wales again; the regular London road, so thoroughly beaten by our late run of novelists, is thus judiciously avoided. An interesting story serves for the display of various characters, among whom we would particularly instance as well drawn, the gloomy, suspicious, and selfish Earl of Melrond; his countess, too, the accomplished Algava, is placed in admirable contrast with the simple, yet gifted Garcia; the one formed in the severe and bitter school of worldly experience, the other in that seclusion of a quiet valley and lonely cottage.

It is difficult to illustrate our opinion of such a production (where narrative and dialogue are very closely interwoven) by quotation, but we will endeavour to afford a separable sample in part of the very natural and truth-like history of the lady Algava, as related by herself to her young friend, Mlle. Garcia:—

"My dear child," said Lady Melrond, "I fear I shall never be able to vindicate myself to you; a marriage and no love in the case may prove, perhaps, a death-blow to all sentimental interest. But listen!" and she pressed Garcia's extended hand more nervously than her calm low tones would have indicated. "I cannot do better than bid you mark this portion of my history. Bitter, ay, and humiliating to

me, as the confession may be, it shall yet be made as a warning to you. I loved, Garcia, as you will love—as a woman loves who loves but once, and flings her heart's whole destiny on the cast. That love was to me religion—I set up an idol and worshipped it—but, alas! I was proud, too proud, and liked not that the depth and earnestness of my faith should be known. My cousin, the Marchese di Evara, was the object of this attachment, and well he both deserved and repaid it. For a few minutes Lady Melrond paused in her narrative, and her eye anxiously rested on her cousin's portrait, which hung nearly opposite. Garcia's look followed hers; often had she noticed that high pale brow, and those dark and melancholy eyes, but never with such interest as now. The Marchese's face was one of those which interest you—you know not wherefore; many portraits hung around with more regularly handsome, but none with the same sad, yet intellectual, features. You looked at that countenance and longed to know its history. There was a tremulous sweetness in Algava's voice when she again resumed her narrative, and a deeper paleness on her cheek, but she continued her story. "Alas! I was then flattered, courted, and caressed, till my girlish head was turned by constant excitement and homage. I had a thousand fanciful notions of the power which a woman ought to exercise over her lover. I tried mine to the utmost: proud and high-spirited, he ill brooked supporting my thousand caprices. I made him jealous for the pitiable triumph of seeing my influence in the pain I inflicted. He knew not—how could he know?—the passionate love I only too well concealed. Still I think—I hope—alas! I need even this wretched consolation, that, but for the interference of others, our hearts must have understood each other; but my foolish vanity deserved a penalty, and rigidly has it been exacted." Again Lady Melrond paused, but soon recovering that self-possession which was her ordinary characteristic, she proceeded. "My aunt never could bear him; he was too upright, too straight-forward, for one who delighted in manœuvre and intrigue, and she found a ready agent in Rhodolph. Garcia, they divided us for ever. They forged my hand-writing—an insulting letter of dismissal drove the Marchese from my presence. He quitted Naples, and returned the husband of the lovely Mariam, now his widow. It was as though a veil had suddenly fallen from my eyes: how worthless, how degrading, appeared all the small vanities that had hitherto occupied so large a portion of my existence! I became listless, dispirited, I cared for nothing, for no one. The bloom of youth and of hope had departed from me never to return. I pursued the same circle of amusements and flatteries, but with how changed a spirit! I learned at length the secret of the Abbé's treachery, but it was too late. Left executor to my aunt's will, I met him in Paris, and with him Lord Melrond. Accustomed to my aunt's constant watchfulness, for, let her faults be what they might, for me she had all the affection of a parent; removed from all my own immediate circle, I cannot tell you how isolated I felt. I had arrived, too, at that period of life when a woman almost unconsciously looks to the future, and shrinks from long and solitary years bound by no tie, and supported by no affection. I desired to give myself duties to force my energies into greater activity. The Abbé, too, had great influence over me; I knew not then of his falsehood, and he never ceased urging my present union. Lord Melrond, too, pleased me; his calm quiet

manner was a relief; the very word love would have sickened my inmost soul, but of friendship I believed myself still capable. I told him the exact state of my feelings, and he was content. At nine-and-twenty, marriage appears in a very different point of view to what it does at nineteen. I wished for a settled home, and a definite station; and I married."

A slight piece of description is all we can make out, to add as a specimen of the writer's talent, without infringing on the story.

"Lord Melroud made no reply; but, hurrying past her, left the room, and, in another moment, they heard wheels driving off rapidly. 'Come, Lady Augusta,' continued Miss Ramsay, do let us go, too.' Taking Lord Eleissner's arm, she set the example, and was at once followed by her father and Lady Augusta; and the whole party were soon on their way to Roderike's Tower. Lord Melroud alighted at the rocks; it was the first time he had been there since his wife's death. The grim shadows from the huge beacon on the Tower gave the whole building an imposing character, as he passed below the thick-set trees. The sward was rank and noxious, and snakes and adders seemed to crawl along the path. He paused ere he mounted up the many steps, and looked at the overhanging clouds; then proceeded quickly, as if by change of motion he could check a rising dread. Entering the broken archway, he was soon in the narrow passage, hung with rusty swords and fire-arms too aged for use, together with helmets and pieces of disjointed armour, and many other emblems of the feudal wars and victories of ancient times. Once in the interior, his pulse beat quick, and he muttered rapidly to himself. He could not repress an involuntary shudder, as he marked the walls, which were hung with black. In this death-chamber had lain his Gertrude—his unowned, injured bride! With convulsive sighs, he hurried through the room, and, having to cross the outer hall, he was encircled by numerous attendants, dressed in green and gold, belonging to the foreign suite of the Duke of Lama. There were also many of his own people, but they hung back, and suffered him to pass in silence. Summoning up all his presence of mind, he passed on slowly and haughtily, just carelessly bowing to the assembled circle. He now entered this middle room. It had been, in old times, the ancient hall of Justice Roderike's favourite hold—the Roderike of superstitious memory, alluded to in a former part of our narrative. His own suit of mail was still hung by the loophole window, and around it were bows, and quivers, and swords. Below, was an old oaken door, which opened on narrow, winding, stone stairs, leading down to the dungeon, or keep, but now, also, off its hinges. An enormous wood-fire was blazing on the hearth. An antique brass lamp remained, and was shining over an old carved sofa, upon which a reclined female form was extended in indolent repose, and perfectly at ease to all appearance. Her beauty was absolutely dazzling, while, as she leant on the old oaken settle, her eyes were raised, then thrown with retiring modesty on the ground; but, in spite of their languor of expression, a radiant flash of exultation beamed in them as she glanced aside."

In conclusion, we think we must express some regret that the observant and accomplished writer should have interrupted her narrative by the introduction of other stories; though the episode of "the Medicant," in the third volume, is simple and interesting. Upon the whole, we consider the *Heir-Presumptive* to

be an improvement upon the "New Road to Ruin," and likely to be a favourite in the circulating library, and with novel readers in general.

Observations on the Motion of Sir Robert Heron, M.P. in the late Parliament, respecting the Vacating of Seats in Parliament on the Acceptance of Office. By the Marquess of Northampton. 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1835. Lindsell.

AN unanswerable piece of reasoning on a subject which has become one of very great national importance, and quite worthy of the comprehensive mind and abilities of the noble marquess to whose pen the country is indebted for the argument. It is pleasing to peruse a production of this kind. It is on a political question, no doubt, but utterly divested of party feelings and discussing in the most luminous, though the most unassuming and gentlemanlike manner, a matter of much interest to the community at large. The noble marquess shews himself to be a fine example of a numerous body belonging to the higher orders far too little known to the common observer, or appreciated in the vulgar estimate. They are men whose influence is, nevertheless, considerable in their sphere, though they are seldom seen conspicuously on the prominent scene, or heard in the loud public arena. Yet, full of intelligence, of the most cultivated understandings, endowed with great knowledge and acuteness applicable to affairs of every description which bear upon general or individual welfare, the members of this class pursue the noiseless tenor of their way; and when an observer of the world, as it passes, has the good fortune to come into contact with them, he is astonished to discover in the untalked of noblemen, or gentlemen, profound statesmen, enlightened philosophers, accomplished scholars, or persons possessed of qualities which, either if exercised with a tenth of the obtrusiveness so familiar to inferior aspirants, or brought forward under another frame of society, would exalt them to the highest eminence of leading authority and popular admiration. That such is the fact is, perhaps, often to be lamented, for it yields the reins to the incompetent and worthless, while the really fit and auspicious guides suffer themselves to repose in comparative quietude and obscurity. We cannot forget the Marquess of Northampton in the meetings of literature and science; and it is gratifying to encounter him thus in the field of useful practical legislation.

Whenever the question of which he treats is mooted again, it must, we should suppose, become the law of the land; and on the grounds which he so clearly lays down in the annexed extract:—

"The evils then of the law as it now stands may be thus summed up. First, the delay which it inevitably and uniformly interposes to the action of the executive administration of the country; a delay always injurious, generally arising at an inconvenient season, and possibly at a moment when it may be peculiarly perilous. Secondly, the difficulty of obtaining a seat for a minister, if rejected, by his former constituents, a difficulty greatly increased by the Reform Bill. Thirdly, that it interposes a check to the crown, now entirely needless and therefore mischievous, operating frequently when the government is weakest, never when it is strongest, and acting, not against abuses, but against an exercise of the prerogative which cannot possibly lie dormant. Fourthly, that it has a tendency absolutely to deprive the public of the services of statesmen

whose abilities may be indispensable at the moment to the interest and prosperity of the empire. Fifthly, the great and unnecessary vexation and expense to which it exposes official men; its consequent tendency to prevent poor men of talents from entering into the public service, and to give to wealth an undue monopoly of the government of the country. Sixthly, the occasion it creates for improper disclosures and unadvised pledges from single members of the ministry, together with all the reaction which a fear of these evils may produce. And, lastly, the probability that it will often be the occasion of two other consequences equally undesirable. In the first place, it may give to a person who is popular with his constituents the influence which ought rather to belong to the person who is popular with the empire in general; thus bestowing power, not on the man most able to serve his country, but on the man who has succeeded best in pleasing a single, perhaps a small community. In the next place, it may have the effect of introducing an undue number of peers into the Cabinet."

There is only one view of the case which we think has escaped the noble writer's notice, and, though not vitally affecting it, we should have liked to have seen him dispose of; we allude to the propriety of great country agricultural, or great commercial constituencies, having a right to rejudge their representatives should they accept of office; and simply because they might say "when you could bestow upon us and our parliament concerns all your time, talent, and attention, you were the proper man of our choice; but now that you are called upon to devote yourself to official duties, we consider it to be but fair that you should allow us to express our opinion by offering yourself for reelection." Except on this single point, we deem, as we have stated, the whole argument conclusive; and we are convinced that a speedy adoption of the measure will confer a benefit on the nation.

The Two Friends: a Novel. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. London, 1835. Saunders and Otley.

THE moment the confounding excitement of politics comes to a pause, Fancy essays to put forth her claims to public attention. The dead lull of the newspapers, after they have stated, restated, garbled, managed, transformed, and transmogrified all the details of the general election about a hundred and fifty times over, and after they have repeatedly answered one another entirely to their own satisfaction, though very little to the edification of readers or the settlement of the points in dispute; seems to leave a brief breathing time for literature, previous to the grand parliamentary performances which are advertised to be enacted about a month hence. Of this lull, among numerous other publications of various kinds, two lady-authors in the class of fiction have in the present week availed themselves; and, as bound in common courtesy to the sex, we have hastened to pay our respects to both; though in our critical capacity (within the limits of seven days) we should have been quite as well pleased to sing with Macheath:—

How happy could we be with either,
Were I other dear writer away;
But when you come thus both together,
Of neither so much can we say.
(See *Beggar's Opera*, passim.)

The *Two Friends* is a well-written tale, earnestly enforcing strictly moral sentiments on the votaries of fashion and members of the upper ranks in society. The heroes, Desbrow

and Arlington, are originally opposed characters, the one being described as a man of principle and the other as a man of pleasure. But in working out her narrative, Lady Blessington appears somewhat to lose sight of her plan; and under very strong temptations, the man of pleasure is made to act the part of the man of principle. It is a true-love attachment, to be sure, which affords him a guardian angel; and, perhaps, there can be no safer amber to preserve the insect, man. At all events, when we see it, as here represented, upholding the virtuous resolution of an associate of Crockford's, we must own that its power is omnipotent! Two heroes would be ill off without two heroines, and we have accordingly two very charming female portraits in Cecile de Bethune and Emily Vavasour. But the leading personage in the drama is Lady Walmer, a vain woman, whom vanity, more than evil propensities or passions, betrays into guilt and wretchedness. Other characters are truly sketched, and figure as naturally as the life. Among these we may mention Lord and Lady Arden, especially the latter; the Count de Bethune, a noble of the ancient French *regime*; the northern Duke of Clydesdale and his five unmarried daughters; the Marquess of Heatherfield; Lord Scamper, a Meltonian; the amiable Lady Ayrshire; and the gossip, Mrs. Preston, one of those mischievous beings, the pests and poison of social intercourse, whose idle tongues do more mischief than would the hostility of most inveterate enemies.

As we have confessed in our notice of the other novel in this No. of our *Gazette*, we are often much puzzled how to communicate a taste of the qualities of works of the class, without injury to the appetite of our readers; yet we must try.

Lady Blessington has *seen* the world, and is an acute observer of it in the circles in which she has moved. Her pictures, therefore, are not the suppositions of the servants' hall, nor the ideas gathered by literary hangers-on from the report of scenes which they never witnessed, and of matters of which they have no experience. They also possess one rare and good quality: they are not in the slightest degree exaggerated. Thus the two friends, speaking of their different pursuits, converse as follows:—

"You are a strange fellow, Desbrow," said Arlington, musingly. "Here you are ready to lend me thousands, with but a remote prospect of payment; and yet it was only yesterday that you denied yourself the two hunters that tempted you at Anderson's. I have still sufficient grace to appreciate this self-denial, though, alas! not to practise it; but among the set I live with, it would be set down as a certain proof of your total want of *nous*—I want they can as rarely pardon as understand." "And yet, Arlington, those are the people with whom you live. How can you associate, day after day, with such persons? Can you consider those as friends who could only be useful as confederates?" "Why no," replied Arlington, "I am not sufficiently stupid to consider them as friends, according to the real acceptance of the word. I call my associates at Crockford's '*les amis de hasard*.' I anticipate all you would say, Desbrow, and feel its justice. I know the worthlessness of my companions; and if I am indulgent to their heartlessness and gross selfishness, it is because I am conscious of my own sins, in at least that point. I sometimes think I am formed for better things, *mais que voulez-vous*? I have fallen into a certain routine, from which I have not mental courage enough to disentangle myself; and I vent my

contempt of my own weakness in satirical observations on those who have lured me into it. Now you, dear Desbrow—forgive my candour,—might have saved me, had you been less Quixotic, less abstract in your theories; but the gulph between mere common-place sensualists, living only for themselves, and you, who live only for others, appeared too wide to be spanned by any arch that I could ever imagine; and so I have remained on the *terra firma* of positive clay, while you have soared into purer regions. Apathy is my bane, and is one of the worst moral diseases, because it incapacitates us from combating the encroachments of vice, or of opening our souls to the approaches of virtue." "Feeling this, my dear Arlington, can you still submit to abandon yourself to the vortex of dissipation and folly in which you have been wasting all the best faculties of your mind?" "Why, I have somewhere read," said the insouciant Arlington, "that they who have not been scathed by vice know not how to appreciate virtue, which, like health and wealth, are never fully valued, until lost. Now, I have bought my experience, and no one values goodness more than I do, though few practise it less." "A truce to raillery, I beg," said Desbrow; "let me entreat you to gratify me by consenting to give up your dinner at Ellesmere House to-day. I know there will be a division." "Yes," said Arlington, "and we, as usual, shall find ourselves in an inglorious minority with the flag end of the Liberals. Faugh! it makes me sick to see our names mingled with those of men who owe their seats to reform, and whose presence offers the strongest argument against a measure that has opened parliament to such ignorant pretenders." "Ah! there is the old leaven of aristocratic prejudices peeping forth," said Desbrow; "you glory in the opinions which influence your votes, but are ashamed of the company in which the votes are given. It reminds me of an Irish lady, who turned Protestant because there are no pews in the Catholic churches, and that all ranks are mingled together without respect to persons. How, with such feeling, shall you aristocrats support the notion of the equality of the grave, the uncereceremonious contact of vulgar clay, and the impartial preference of the worm, who leaves some high-born lord or lady to banquet on some ignoble peasant?" "Spare me such hideous pictures," said Arlington; "really, Desbrow, you are too bad; but to reply to you in your own style, if we are condemned to mingle our fine porcelain with the vile pottery of vulgar earth in the grave, it is no reason that we should mix it while we have the power of selection."

Lord Heatherfield, the father of Arlington, is a fine drawing of a worthy British peer. He is described, with touches of great reality and truth, as

"A nobleman of the old school, as remarkable for high principles as for high breeding, and as strictly honourable in practice as in theory. He was not like too many of our modern men of high station, who would resent the slightest imputation on their honour, yet commit actions which proved, that while they worshipped the shadow they were careless of the substance. Courage with him was something more than an impulse depending on mere physical force, or adopted with reference to conventional opinions. He had not the courage, so common in our days, of tergiversation in his politics; he had not one opinion when his party was in and another when out of office, on the plea of expediency; he could not sell a friend or foe an unsound horse, or give an insincere opinion; he could not overreach a simpleton or compete with a rogue;

in short, he was an old-fashioned gentleman, as gentlemen ought ever to be, and one of the admirable specimens that England can still boast, which proves that noblemen and gentlemen may be considered synonymous terms. He had horses on the turf, because he thought it incumbent on persons of his station and fortune to encourage the breed of horses; but he was never seen to come in contact with blacklegs or jockeys. He lost regularly at every Newmarket meeting, to the surprise of no one but himself, as he continued to pursue the same unsophisticated system in betting that he had been initiated into forty years before, and consoled himself for his losses by seeing only the most distinguished names in his betting-book. Arlington once ventured to insinuate to him, that his repeated defeats on the turf were to be attributed to his disdaining to practise the stratagems, or to take advantage of the information to be acquired from certain persons, whose extraordinary sagacity in such matters no one questioned, and of which few failed to avail themselves when opportunity offered; nay, he hinted that many of the noble names who figured on the creditor side of his father's book were more than suspected of a prescience with regard to winning horses that mere experience could not furnish; but the air of offended dignity with which the venerable nobleman repelled the suspicion, so degrading to 'his order,' precluded his recurring to it, except at the risk of offending him, which Arlington was by no means willing to do, as he was much attached to his father. His associates at the clubs failed not to animadvert on the patriarchal simplicity, as they termed it, of Lord Heatherfield; or to take advantage of it, by backing horses against the favourite horse, which his lordship—an admirable judge of horseflesh—thought certain of winning. Many were the pleasantries passed at the hazard-table at Crockford's, on the facility of securing hundreds by betting against him; nay, some went so far as to advise Arlington to keep the money in the family, by offering his father the long odds against all his favourites; but the gravity with which the counsel was received prevented its being renewed; as, however he might regret the large and repeated losses of Lord Heatherfield, he was little disposed to permit any jokes at his parent's expense—at least in his presence. Though young in years, Arlington was old in experience; he had not passed five seasons in the artificial atmosphere of London without having experienced its chilling influence on the affections, and its petrifying power on the opinions which threatened to become fixed in the cold rigidity of unbending selfishness; yet there were moments when the natural warmth and goodness of his nature triumphed over his acquired egotism, and left him open to better feelings. In such moments, he turned from the venal herd with which he associated to that honourable and high-minded father, or to his generous and single-hearted, though eccentric friend, Desbrow, and sought in their society a relief from the apathetic torpor that was growing on him. But exploded maxims and Quixotic sentiments from the one, and exaggerated opinions and Utopian systems of impracticable perfectibility from the other, discouraged his advances, and he fell again into the gay but heartless circle; where an epigram, a sarcasm, or a bon-mot, launched with unerring aim against all that is most respectable, never failed to turn the laugh against it, and to win for the authors that applause which silences dissenters and gains partisans. Worldly

wisdom was considered the science most necessary to be acquired in Arlington's set; but their definition of the term was so widely apart from the general acception of it in other circles, that an adept in the science at Crockford's, would be considered as little short of a madman, among the wise men of the east—of Temple Bar. For the rich to stake thousands on the chance of winning, and the poor to risk as much on a similar hazard, but with the advantage of being unable to pay, is a common every-night occurrence in the gilded saloons of St. James's Street; but to know *how* to calculate the odds, when to back a caster, *in* or *out*, requires that peculiar worldly wisdom which can only be gained by a frequent attendance at a place that may not be named to 'ears polite,' and whence, contrary to the old received opinion, the presence of its nightly visitors at all the places of fashionable resort, proves that there is a redemption."

Lady Arden will afford a contrast to the foregoing excellent example of the Corinthian order:

"Among the guests at Clydesdale Castle, were Lord and Lady Arden, or as they were more generally distinguished, Lady and Lord Arden, the lady always taking precedence of her husband, who was thrown into the background, not by the superiority, but the pretensions, of *madame son épouse*,—pretensions which his love of quiet, and knowledge of the pertinacity of the lady in maintaining them, prevented him from ever calling into question. Lord Arden was a man of highly cultivated mind, considerable abilities, and most amiable disposition. Having been in his youth a great admirer of beauty, that of his wife, which had been of the first order, captivated his fancy; and while its first effects were in their zenith, she acquired an influence over him never after to be disputed. This beauty, which had enabled her to reign despotically over his heart, she looked on with much the same feelings with which despotic sovereigns regard the divine right of kings, knowing that its basis is founded on the weakness of their subjects. The universal attachment which the good qualities of Lord Arden excited in the breasts of all his friends, extended the empire of his arbitrary wife. All who wished to shew that respect to him which his talents and amiability merited, were compelled to submit to the caprices of her ladyship, who took advantage of the affection entertained for her husband by his friends, to treat them with an imperiousness as offensive as it was ill-judged. Finding her caprices submitted to, they daily increased; and far from attributing the forbearance she experienced to its real cause, she viewed it as a conclusive proof of her own superiority, and tyrannised still more over her excellent husband. The first evening of her arrival, the family were rather surprised at seeing, in addition to the usual suite of domestics, a *femme de chambre*, valet de chambre, and footman, the unusual addition of a page and house-maid. The former to attend to my lady's private silver case of sauces, essences, salt, &c. &c. for dinner, prepared by the cook at Arden House, as she never trusted to strange cooks or butlers. Antonio, for so the page was named, stood behind her chair at dinner, anticipated her wants with zealous tact; served her with mocha-coffee after the repast, and while she enjoyed her half-hour's siesta on a sofa, gently rubbed her feet, the motion of his hand, as she was heard to observe, "inducing that light slumber which enabled her to get through the fatigues of the evening." The house-maid was

the only person she had ever met with who really understood making a bed, and therefore she never moved without her, for, after all, as Lady Arden frequently observed, 'comfort was the grand essential of life, and to those who could contribute to it she was willing to submit. This is the true secret of life,' she continued. 'Witness its workings.—Lord Arden would be truly uncomfortable were I not pleased; to prevent his being so, therefore, he submits to me. I should be uncomfortable if my *femme de chambre* was out of humour, because she has a bad temper, and displays it most disagreeably. Consequently, to prevent my being made uncomfortable I submit to her, and the servants are obliged to do the same,—so that you see that the love of comfort obliges us all to make sacrifices.'"

Continuing this very clever and characteristic picture, Lady B. relates a ludicrous, but we really believe, not a much too highly-coloured anecdote.

"The morning after her arrival Lady Arden complained of a violent tooth-ache; all the remedies used on such occasions were applied, but still she found no relief. At length she decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles from Clydesdale Castle, for a dentist to extract the suffering tooth; and, when he arrived, she declared 'that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation unless she saw it performed on some one else first.' The few friends admitted to the sanctuary of her boudoir looked aghast at this declaration, each expecting to be called on, but, after the silence of a few minutes, and no one offering, she told Lord Arden that *he* must have a tooth out, that she might judge from *his* manner of supporting the operation if *she* could go through it. He appeared amazingly disconcerted, but a few wry faces and serious expostulations having failed to mollify the lady, the kind husband submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw, after which she declared 'That she had seen enough to convince her that she could not undergo a similar operation.'"

But we must really make a second notice of the *Two Friends*—equivalent to one for each.

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood, Esq. Pp. 180. London, 1835. Baily and Co. BEING published so late as Thursday, our run over the comic annual for the year, of which the first month has transpired—so that it can only with truth be called eleven-twelfth's of, or a partial annual—must of necessity be more cursory than we could have wished; for we don't like our pastimes to be hurried, and we always look forward to this little volume as a treat. 1835 does not disappoint us, being, as far as fun and pur: go, equal to any of its predecessors; and that is saying a great deal, considering how droll and original they have been, and how difficult it is to keep up the ball, especially if a light one. We miss indeed one or two of those fine touches of nature and feeling with which Mr. Hood used to relieve his merrier themes; but of quaintness and humour there is no lack.

The preface is prefaced by a figure of old Time dropping his scythe, and holding his side with both hands, under the denomination of a "Stitch in Time." It is allegorical of the limping pace at which the author has got through his task; but as he is pleasant at any time we shall not find fault with his being comic so long after time, toiling and panting after the flying phenomenon, yet not in vain. As a contrast to his own tardiness he takes a whimsical view of the too early publication of

some of the other yearlys, and sportingly observes:—

"The 'Oriental,' with its sultry associations, and those naked natives, might properly appear in the dog days, if duly dated, but what has the 'Winter's Wreath' to do with May day? Is it really the nick to produce the Stanfields when the sickle is in the cornfields? Ought *Heaths* to appear in London just when grouse-shooting begins on the *Moors*? Is it wise to present a Friendship's Offering so long before its ostensible date, that a moderately everlasting friendship might be born, bred, and buried in the interval—above all, ought the *Juveniles* intended for Christmas and New Year's gifts, to come out coeval with 'Bartlemy Fairings,' in the very teeth of the opinion of Donna Inez about juveniles,

"To be precocious
She reckoned of all things the most atrocious!"

For my own part, I affect none of these unreasonable forestallings; I never in my life gave five guineas for a quart of very early peas, or a crown a pound for very new potatoes. I am content with things as they naturally ripen, without forcing; and my gardener, who inclines to *otium cum dig.*—is of the same opinion; forcing *time* is quite of the question. What rational man would give a dump for a chronometer 'warranted fast'?"

Meanwhile, as good often springs out of evil, the burning of the two houses of parliament occurred, without which the writer would, we guess, hardly have been able to find a leading subject. His papers on this event occupy nearly a third of the whole; so that though the country may have suffered, it has been a lucky flare-up for at least one individual, and through him is now made to furnish a ludicrous enjoyment to many others. The accounts of the conflagration are penned by sundry persons in London; and their effect on the country may be appreciated by the following sample, which we copy as one of the most characteristic and laughable.

"To Sir Jacob Jubb, Baronet, M.P.

"Honnerd Sur,—Yure faver enclosin the Ruings of the Parlimint housis cam dully to hand, and did indeed put up all the hares on my hed. It cam like the bust of a thunderbolt. You mite hav nockt me down with the fether of a genny ren. My bran swum. I seamed rooted to the hearth, and did not no weather I was a slip or a wack, on my hed or my heels. I was perfectly unconshunable, and could no more kollekt meself then the Hiriak tiths. I was a long Tim befor I cud perswade meself that the trooth was trew. But sich a dredful fire is enuff to unsettl wons resin. A thowsend ears mite role over our beds, and not prodence sich a blo to the constithushun. I was barley sensible. The Currier dropt from my hands wen I cam to the perrygraft witch says, 'Our hops are at an end. The Hous of Communs is a boddly of Flams, and so is the Hous of Pears! The Lords will be dun!' Honnerd Sur, I beg to kondole as becums on yure missin yure seat. It must have bean the sudestness of shox, & jest wen goin to sit after standin for the hole county, on yure hone futting, at your sole expens. But I do hop and trust it will not be yure dissolushun, as sum report; I do hop it is onely an emty rummer pict up at sum publick Hous. At such an encindery crisis our wurst frend wood be General Elixion, by stirrin up inflamatory people, partly if there was a long pole. You see, Sir Jacob, I konker in evvery sentashun sentemint in yure respected Letter. The

Volkano you menshun I can enter into. Theres a grate deal of combustibil sperits in the country that onely wants a spark to convert them into catarax:—and I grieve to say evvery inflammatory little demy Gog is must, and has the caudle support of certin pappers. Im alludin to the Press. From this sort of countenins the nashunal aspec gits moor friteful evvery day. I see no prospect for the next gennerashun rocking and swinging. I hav had a grate menny low thorts, for wat can be moor dispiritin then the loss of our two gratest Publick Housis! There is nothin comfortable. There is a Vesuvius under our feat, and evvery step brinks us nearer to its brinks. Evvery reflective man must say we are a virgin on a precipis. Honnerd Sur! In the mean tim I hav pade atenshuns to yure letter, and studid its epistlery derechshuns, with I have made meself very partictier in ful-filing to the utmost xtent. If the most zellus effus have not sucksedid to wish, I humbly beg no blaim but what is dew may fall on me, and hope other peples shears will visit their hone heds. The axident with the spring gun was no neglex of mine. After Barnes settin it himself, his tumblin over the wier must be lade to his hone dore along with his shot legs. I sent for two surgings to sea to him, and they could in two moor, so that he is certain of a good dressin, but he was very down-harted about gittin a livin, till I tolled him yure honner wood settle on him for the rest of his days. I may say the lik of the other axident to Sanders and Sam, who got badly woundid wile wotchin the stax, by apprehendin won another after a sanguine confic by mistake for incideries. I hav promist in yure honners nam to reward them both hansomly for their viglins, but they stedistly refus to padrol anny moor after dusk, tho they ar agreble by daylit, which leaves me at my whits ends for Firegards, as strange men wood not be trust-worthy. Honnerd Sur—I am sorry I cood not git the mad servents to set up for theaves, even for wun nite runnin. I tride the Currier on them, but it didn't wurk on there minds; they tuk lites in there hands and waukd to there pillers as if they hadn't a car on there heds, and wen I insisted on there allarmin me they all giv me warnin. As for the swetharts there's a duzen domesticated luvvers in the kitchen, and I'm sorry to say I can't giv them all a rowt. I ketchd the cook's bo gettin in at a winder, and sercht his pockets for feer of foefrus, but he contaned nothin xcept a cruckid sixpens, a taler's thimbel, and a tin backy-box, with a lock of hare that did not match with cook's. It is dangerous wurk. Becos I luck after the mades candels they tie strings to the banesters to ketch my fut, and I have twice pitcht from the hed to the fut of the stars. I am riting with my forid brandid and brown pepper, and my rite hand in a poltus from groppin in the dark for combustibils in the cole seller, and dis-kivering nothin but the torturous kat and her kittings. Honnerd Sur—I got six capitol gees a bargin, but am very duubius weather they possess the property that ort to make them wakful and weary of nites. The old specious may be lost. The Roman gees yure menshun wood certinly hav never sufferd themselves to be stolen without a caking, as our hone did too nite ago. As for the wotch dogs, to be candied, they were all errers in judgment. There was too much Bul in the bread. The very fust nite they were let lose they flew in a rag, and began to vent there caning propensites on each other's curcuses. I regret to say too was wurrid to deth before the next morn-

ing, and the rest were so full of bad bits and ingeries in there vittles they were obligated to be kild. In shutting Seazer with the blunder-bush, I lament to ad it hung fire, and in lifitin it up it went off of its hone hed and shot the bucher's horse at the gait, and he has thretind to tak the law if he isn't maid good, as he was very vallyble. Honnerd Sur—Accordin to orders I tuck Johnson the suspishus man evvery nite to the Gorge, and told him to caul for wat he likt, which was allways an ot suppir and punch. As yet he as diskivered nothin but sum luv nonsins about a deary-made, so that its uncertin weather he is dillygate or not; but I shoosd say a desinin won, for by sum artful means he allways manniged to make me drunk fust, and gennerally lent a hand to carry me home. I told the landlort to let him have any thing he wantid and yure Honner wood pay the skore, but I think it was unprudent of Mr. Tapper to let him run up to ten pound. But it isn't all drink, but eating as well—Johnson has a very glutinous appetit, and always stix to the tabel as long as there is meet. Honnerd Sur—Last fridy morning there was grate riotism and sines of the populus risin, and accordin I lost no time in berryin the plait as derected by yure ordirs. I am gratifid to say the disturbans turned out onely a puggelistical fit; but owen to our hurry and alarm, the spot ware the plait was berrid went out of our heads. We have sinse dug up the hole srubbery, but without turnin up anny thing in its shape. But it cant be lost, tho' it isnt to be found. The gardner swares the srubs will all di from being transplanted at unproper sesin—but I trust it is onely his old grumblin stile witch he cannot git over. Honnerd Sur—The wust is to cum. In casis of Fire the trooth is shure to brake out suner or latter, so I may as well cum to the catstrophy without anny varnish on my tail. This morning, accordin to yure order, I hignitted the littel faggit stak, fust takin the pre-cawshuny mesure of drawin up a line of men with buckits, from the dux-pond to the sene of combustung. Nothin can lay therefor on my sholders: it all riz from the men striking for bear, wen they ort to hav bean handin warter to won another. I felt my duty to argy the pint, which I trust will be apruved, and wile we were cussin and discussin the fire got a hed that defide all our unittid pouts to subdo. To confess the fax, the fire inguns ware all lokt up in the stable with a shy key that had lost itself the day before, and was not to be had wen we wantid to lay hands on it. Not that we could have wurkd the inguns if they had faverd with their presens, for want of hands. Evvery boddy had run so often at the allarim bell that they got noboddy to go in there steed. It was an awful site; the devowring ellemint swallerd won thing after another as sune as cotched, and rushed along roring with friteful violins. Were the finger of Providins is the hand as does we must not arrange it, but as the him says, 'we must submit and humbel Bee.' Heavin direx the winds, and not us. As it blue towards the sow the piggy sune cotchd, and that cotchd the foul housis, and then the barn cotchd with all the straw, and the granery cotchd next, witch it wood not have dun if we had puld down the Cow Hous that stud between. That was all the cotching, except the haystax, from Jenkins running about with a flaimin tale to his smook-frock. At last, by a blessin, when there was no moor to burn it was got under and squentched itself, prays be given without loss of lif or lim. Another comfit is all bein insured in the Sun, enuff to kiver it; and I shud hop they will not refus to make gud on the ground that it was

dun wilful by our hone ax and deeds. But fire officis are sumtimes very unliberal, and will ketch hold of a burning straw, and if fax were put on their oths I couldn't deni a bundil of rags, matchis, candel ends, and other combustibils pokt into the faggits, and then litin up with my hone hand. Tim will sho. In the meenwile I am consenshuely eazy, it was dun for the best, though turnd out for the wust, and am gratifid to reflect that I hav omitted nothin, but hav scrupulously fulfid evvery partictier of yure honner's instruxions, and in hop of approval of the saim, await the faver of furthir commands, and am,

"Honnerd Sur Jacob,
"Your humbel, faithful, and obedient Servint,
"ROGER DAVIS."

"Sketches on the Road" are highly entertaining; and we are sorry we can select so little to illustrate them. But here is an account of a terrified passenger's appearance from the boot, into which she had crammed herself when the coach was run away with:—

"As for her straw bonnet, it was like Milton's Death—of no particular shape at all; flat where it should have been full, square where it ought to have been round, turned up instead of down, and down instead of up: it had as many corners and nubbles about it as a crusty loaf. Her shawl, or scarf, had twisted round and round her like a snake; and her pelisse shewed as ruffled, and rumpled, and all awry, as if she had just rolled down Greenwich Hill. 'How's the lady? I say,' bellowed the big man. One of her shoes had preferred to remain with the boot, and as the road was muddy, she stood like a Numidian crane, posturing and balancing on one leg; whilst Tom, hunting after the missing article, which declined to turn up till every thing else had been taken out of 'the leathern conveniency,' and as it was one of the old-fashioned boots, it held plenty of luggage. 'How is the lady?' was shouted again, with no better success. It was evident she had not escaped with the fright merely; her hands wandered from her ribs to the small of her back, and then she rubbed each knee. It was sometime before she could fetch her breath freely, but at last she mustered enough for a short exclamation—'Oh them trunks!'"

The "Run-over" is a still better story, and the coach story capital. A rather long, irregular poem on the Report of the Temperance Committee satirically exposes a number of absurdities in that precious document: it is in Hood's best style, and with quite as much reason as rhyme, as much pungency as punning. But, as in our selections we are generally influenced by the literary turn of the matter in hand, we shall only refer to the Ode to Mr. Buckingham, and take entire, as a specimen of the poetry—

"The Lament of Toby, the Learned Pig.
'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'—Pope.

O heavy day! oh day of wo!
To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrow'd—why
Not spitted for a roaster?
In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up
For barley-meal and middlings?
Of what avail that I could spell
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?
O, why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings
Can have to do with learning.
Alas! my learning once drew cash,
But public fame's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett doesn't want me blue,
But red and white, and streaky.
Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Doctor Lardner!
He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'll off for choppers.
Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken;
Good bye to the poetic Hogg!
The philosophic Bacon!
Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study!
Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved
Will be chop'd up with onions!
Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souce me, like a salmon;
My mathematics turned to brawn,
My logic into gammon.
My H-brew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten;
My Greek, it will go all to grease,
The Dogs will have my Latin!
Farewell to Oxford! and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,
I now must be content with chats,
Instead of leane-I gossip!
Farewell to 'Town! farewell to 'Gown!
I've quite outgrown the latter!—
Instead of trencher-cap, my head
Will soon be in a platter!
O, why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that's been to college!
For sorrow I could stick myself—
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man
In me would be a rasher!
One thing I ask—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, Let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches.
'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em;
Simply by ringing at the nose,
According to Bell's system.

With regard to the graphic humours, we can truly state that they are excellently in keeping with the letter-press drollery. The author's mind seems to resemble the gun which was made to shoot round corners. He sees nothing straightforward, but, in language and in picture, hits things the most out of the way imaginable. Of productions in this class he is the unrivalled master; no "heavy lightness, serious vanity," can be imputed to his extraordinary conceits. His genius is altogether peculiar, and if he may fail in more extended narrative and complication, he never fails in these varied sketches, redolent alike of originality and fancy.

Lieut.-Colonel Cadell's Narrative of the Campaigns of the 28th Regiment.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

LIEUT. IRWIN, mentioned in the extract with which our notice of last week concluded, seems to have acted with extraordinary valour and effect on many occasions; and his strength to have been so prodigious as to render him almost the Roustan of the tale. *Inter alia*, the author says—"Whilst we were on the march about four miles from Alba, Lieutenant Irwin, of the grenadiers, had a singular opportunity of displaying his personal strength and intrepidity. An over-driven bullock got among the ranks of the regiment, and was knocking the men about very unceremoniously, when Lieutenant Irwin rushed forward, and boldly seizing the animal by the horns, actually threw him over upon his back into a deep cut in the

road, where he was instantly killed, and cut up by the hungry soldiers; nor was he then done with, for we left a party to cut up the hide into sandals for some of the men who had lost their shoes."

And again on the Nivelles—"While we were in cantonments, Lieutenant Irwin, having been with Assistant-Surgeon Lavans, to visit some of the 6th division at Ustarits, a little way down the river to our left, had a little adventure on their return. A French sentry, perhaps thinking they had left the road, fired towards them from a considerable distance: the ball passed over their heads, but happened to kill a plover. Lieutenant Irwin rode up to where the bird dropped, dismounted, picked it up, and making a low bow to the Frenchman, rode off."

And again here is a picture—"Being encamped, we had no tables or chairs, but the deficiency was ingeniously supplied by Lieutenant Irwin. A nice piece of turf being selected, he marked out the length and breadth of a mess table, for 100 covers. The sward was carefully lifted, and a trench dug round large enough to accommodate the party; the sods and mould were then carefully placed in the centre, and levelled,—this centre-piece was excavated sufficiently to give room for our legs underneath: when the mass was raised to a proper height, the sward was carefully laid on, so that we had a beautiful green table, novel and ingenious. The dinner was cooked in every way the old soldier could invent—roast and boiled—soup and bouillie:—camp kettles were reversed for ovens to bake pies, and every guest brought his knife, fork, and plate. The wine of the country being excellent, we all enjoyed ourselves much; so much so, that some of us bivouacked under the table for the night."

To resume our miscellany, however, we have to record a striking report, and true enough, though we cannot be certain it was uttered by the party referred to:—

"On the recall of Marshal Soult to Germany, to the assistance of Napoleon, he is said to have given the following piece of advice to his successor:—'Whenever you find the British army in retreat, let them alone, and they will go to the devil their own way; but if you go near them, they will get into their places, and give you such a drubbing as you never had before.'"

Our own officers are neatly touched on the eve of a great battle:—

"Early on the morning of the memorable 21st, some of us were recommended by a staff officer 'to get our breakfasts and have our baggage packed as soon as possible.' There was an unusual scene of bustle in the bivouack; but what most convinced us that some work was to be done, was when we saw the favourite black charger, fully caparisoned, of our chief, Sir Rowland (who was always as cool in action as on a field-day), and the chestnut of Sir William Stewart, the brave leader of the British division of Hill's corps, whose soldier-like manner, when calmly, in the hottest fire, giving his orders with his usual lisp, and gently switching the mane of his horse with a white cane, must be well remembered by all who served under him. * * * During the war we had often been halted in ploughed fields, with no comfort near us—not a bush or a tree to shelter us,—we generally passed the night in the following manner:—two of us would sit down upon a stone, with our cloaks rolled about us, back to back, supporting each other, our feet likewise upon stones, to keep them out of the wet. It is an old soldier's maxim upon

service, 'Sleep when you can; you can always eat if you have any thing to eat.' * * *

A little anecdote must here be allowed to be recorded of an Irishman, Dan Fitzgibbon, of the grenadiers, who, like most of his countrymen, possessed both courage and humour. He was placed at a bank, which he was to fire over; but was told on no account to shew himself. Poor Dan, not taking this advice, jumped upon the bank every round he fired, to see if he had hit any one. At last a Frenchman shot him through the back of the left hand. It was seen that something had happened, and he was asked what was the matter? Dan, very quietly looking at his bleeding fist, and scratching his head with the other, said, 'I wish I knew who did this.' * * * In the battle of the Nivelles our regiment had only a few men wounded. When the brigade was advancing to storm the fort, which was taken by the sixth division, a regiment of Sir John Hamilton's Portuguese was a little in advance of us to our left, moving in column of sections of five file, when a shell fell into one of them, killed nine, and broke the right arm of a tenth man, who, as we passed, was upon his knees, crossing himself with his left hand, and thanking his Maker that it was no worse with him. I may be pardoned here for relating an anecdote of an old comrade of ours. Capt. Blakeney, of the 36th, was one of the sixth division, and on advancing up the hill to attack the fort, his left leg was fractured by a grape shot. Two of his men offered to take him to the rear:—"No," said he, "when the fort is taken, I will be much obliged to you for your assistance." During this interval, he stood upon his right leg, holding by a tree, waving his cap in the other hand to cheer his men. Of course he very soon obtained assistance, and was carried to the village of Anhone in a blanket."

A singular instance of presentiment is related at the battle of St. Pierre:—"When the inlying picquets turned out in the morning, a soldier of my company, the grenadiers, named M'Kinlay, came up to me handing a paper, and said, 'Captain, here is my will; I am to be killed to-day, and I will all my arrears and everything I have to my comrade Hugh Swift.'—"What nonsense, M'Kinlay," I replied to him; "go into action, and do what you have always done, behave like a brave soldier." He answered, 'I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will.' To satisfy him I took it, and the man fought with the picquets during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, we rejoined the regiment,—we had suffered much, but M'Kinlay was standing unhurt close to me; upon which I observed to him, 'So, M'Kinlay, I suspect you are wrong this time.' The right of the regiment being posted on the round end of a hill cut into steps for the vines, a body of the enemy's sharpshooters came close under us, and opened a fire to cover their retiring columns. M'Kinlay, seeing one of them taking aim over the arm of a fig-tree in our direction, exclaimed, 'Look at that rascal going to shoot our captain!' And advancing one step down the hill, presented at the Frenchman, who, however, was unfortunately too quick for him, for in an instant afterwards poor M'Kinlay was shot through the neck, and killed on the spot. The same ball gave me a severe contusion on the breast, and I fell with the unfortunate man, and was actually covered with his blood. He was one of the best soldiers in the grenadier company, and was much regretted:—indeed but for him it is probable I

should not have lived to tell this tale. The will was duly forwarded to the war-office, whence an order was issued for his comrade Swift to receive all that was due to him."

At Orthes we are told:—

"A little before dusk we gave up the pursuit, and bivouacked for the night in some vineyards, where we should have suffered much from the cold, if the complete rout of the French army had not enabled us to collect a great many muskets, the butts of which made excellent fires."

We shall add but one extract more, which we recommend to all our friends who are fond of the wretched compound sold under the name of *Buccellas*: the 2d battalion of the 28th being posted at the village so called, we learn:—

"Almost every other house in the town was a wine-store, and immense vats and tuns, containing many hogsheads each, were to be found even in the rooms occupied by officers and men; far too great a temptation to put in the way of soldiers, as the following anecdote will prove. The officers of our light company having given a wine party, to which some brother officers were invited, had found, when rather too late in the evening, the stock of wine which they had laid in for the occasion to be exhausted; upon which the junior subaltern was requested to proceed with a camp kettle to the vat for a fresh supply, as it was so excellent. On turning the cock, and finding no wine to run, the vat was pronounced dry. However, it was determined to make another attempt by letting down the camp kettle by a rope through a trap-door in the top of the vat. Still finding it not return replenished, but rather that some obstacle interposed, the officer procured a lamp to examine the interior, when, to his horror, the first object that presented itself was a British drummer, in full regimentals, pack, haversack, all floating in the wine, who had been missing for some days, and was supposed to have deserted! 'Drummer wine' was long a by-word with us."

"Drummer wine" is only too good a name for the stuff generally sold throughout England as *Buccellas*.

And now we trust, if we have not exceeded, we have justified our pledge on behalf of this volume. The author is in the military term "unattached;" but the proof he has given of his being warmly attached to his old comrades in arms must, we think, be very gratifying to them. To them—the brave fellows who have outlived the storm, and wear the honours sealed by the blood of so many of those daring associates who perished in the cause of their country.

We have only to add, that the 28th, as a regiment, completed its cycle of glory by being among the most eminent at Waterloo—a victory hardly to be forgotten—though it is not unworthy of remark that many of the cheap almanacks, and some of the better sort,* for the present year, have chosen to omit it from their catalogue of remarkable events!!! The death of Mirabeau or Robespierre, the battle of Orthes, the shooting of Admiral Byng, the crowning of Buonaparte, &c. &c. &c. are all set down in due order—but the *imperishable* eighteenth of June (1815) is by these oracles of information wonderfully identified as being "*Corpus Christi*!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Catechism of the Currency, by John Taylor, Author of "*Junius Identified*." Pp. 112. (London, J. Taylor; Hatchard and Son; P. Richardson.)—Many condensed

views upon, and connected with, the currency question are here put in strong lights. The writer attributes most of our inequality of wealth and national distress to the return to cash payments; and proposes as a remedy the issue, under certain circumstances and restrictions, of a government paper currency. Though we are inclined to go a great way with him in principle, we do not go quite so far in the plan of his remedial measures. His small volume, however, is well worth the public attention; for where we differ we are still obliged to think. We should like much to see an able essay on a single branch of statistics which has never yet, as far as we know, been treated of alone, and which comprehends, nevertheless, pregnant sources of the prevalent suffering. We allude to *Monopolies*, which, under so many forms, now ruin individual effort and afflict the people. The immense wealth in the possession of a few capitalists is but one shape of this hideous incubus; for, even in the guise of useful and benevolent institutions and charities, it sits heavily on the middle and lower orders, cramps industry, and destroys independent competition.

Church and Home Melodies, being a New Version of the more Devotional parts of the Psalms, together with a Version of the Collects, and Original Hymns, &c. by the Rev. T. J. Judkin, M.A., Minister of Somers' Chapel, St. Pancras. Pp. 636. (London, Hatchard.)—Dedicated to the learned, good, and pious Bishop of Salisbury, this copious volume, though in a small pocket form, reflects no slight honour upon the religious zeal and poetical taste of Mr. Judkin. It is worthy of his character and of that of the eminent prelate to whom it is presented. There are above three hundred hymns, and many of them of a superior order; all of them breathing of holy aspirations and genuine devotion. A most useful and excellent production of the kind, more attractive from its variety of composition and other merits, could not be offered for general public approbation, for family use, or for the instruction of youth.

The Picture and the Prosperous Man. By the Author of the "*Excise of Idleness*," 3 vols. (London, Cochrane and Co.)—Having already, in this No., reviewed two novels, we must be content with merely mentioning the present, and deferring remarks till next week.

Will Watch, by the author of "*Cavendish*," &c. Second Edition. 3 vols. (Cochrane and Co.)—The words "second edition," justify our favourable report upon this novel, and shew that the talent it displays has been justly appreciated by the public.

Scottish Songs, by Alexander Hume. Pp. 114. (London, Fox.)—Inspired from his birth-place, the banks of the musical Tweed, the writer of these songs displays considerable fancy and feeling for nature.

Her smile is like the glowing ray

That's frae yonder sun;

And sun like, blesses a' the day.

Yet kens nae guide she's done;

is a stanza worthy of his great predecessors in Scottish pastoral poetry; and, altogether, the volume ought to find favour in the sight of Scottish readers and singers.

The Poet's Book, Nos. I. and II., by Rosa Edwina Gordon. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—The first two, and part of the third, of a series of tales to enforce the duties laid down in the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. They are impressive and well constructed to expound the writer's views, and inculcate moral and religious principles. The word harbour ("covered with flowering creepers") is misprinted, page 39, for arbour.

Library of Useful Knowledge: A Treatise on Friendly Societies, &c., by Ch. Ansell, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 196. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—This volume is worthy of a Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, for all it contains is useful, and on a subject of much practical utility. The interest of money, the doctrine of the chances incurred, the parliamentary enactments connected with Friendly Societies, and other matters affecting these institutions are laid down in exact tabular forms, and practically explained; so that Mr. Ansell's volume may justly be considered as a text-book, and one of authentic reference wherever they are concerned.

Idem: Practical Geometry, Linear Perspective, and Projection, &c. &c., by T. Bradley. 8vo. pp. 308. (Same publishers.)—Equal praise, in its line, is due to this publication. There is a little of show and pretence about a few of its early problems; but altogether it is an excellent geometrical work, and contains nearly all the information which could be desired on the branches it embraces.

Little Lessons for Little Learners, Second Series, by Mrs. Barwell. Pp. 240. (London, Westley and Davis.)—A good little book for good little people. We are sorry to see such mistakes as "*he laid down*" in a book for education; but, indeed, the English is not very correct throughout. The intent is better than the execution.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE series of evening meetings for the session of 1835 commenced yesterday evening. The attendance of members and friends was very numerous, and every thing indicated the continued interest and prosperity of this peculiar school of science and source of information. The subject was handled by Mr. Faraday;—it was the latest discoveries made by Signor

Melloni in radiant heat, and for which the Royal Society of London recently awarded the *Rumford medal*. First was shewn, the theory and practice of the instrument used by Melloni in his experiments: it is a delicate thermo-multiplier, combining thermo-electric arrangement with the principle of Nobili's galvanometer. The rays of heat are allowed to fall on one end of the thermo-electric pile; they thus produce an electric current which affects a magnetic needle, and the deflection of this needle gives the indication required. The points which Signor Melloni considers as proved by his researches are—1st. The immediate and instantaneous passage of radiant heat through solid and liquid bodies. This position—admitted by some, but doubted by others—was proved by Mr. Faraday, who shewed the immediate affection of the indicating instrument when a hot iron was made to approach it, although a plate of transparent salt, two-thirds of an inch thick, intervened. 2d. The difference existing between the two transparencies of rays of light and rays of heat. Thus glass, water, air, and various salts and liquids are perfectly transparent for rays of light, but not so for rays of heat: indeed, all the bodies mentioned stop short, more or less, of the rays of heat, just as wax, porcelain, and some other bodies stop short, more or less, of the rays of light. Melloni has discovered that crystallised rock-salt is the only body as yet tried which permits the rays of heat freely to pass; this property is expressed by the term *dialtherial*;—salt therefore is the most diathermal body known. 3d. There are some bodies opaque to light, as black quartz, mica, and glass, which yet transmit a large proportion of the rays of heat. 4th. A true calorific colouration exists in rays of heat, which, though invisible, is perfectly analogous to the chromatic colouration in rays of light. 5th. In coloured glass (except green) the colour has no influence over the rays of heat, although it has such great power over the rays of light. 6th. Rays of heat having no higher a source of temperature than boiling water, can be perfectly refracted by rock-salt, and so forth. Most of these points were illustrated by appropriate experiments; the results of Melloni being fully confirmed by all that has yet been done in this country.—In the theatre was placed a beautiful bust of Mr. Fuller, by Chantrey, done for the Royal Institution. We have great pleasure in copying the characteristic and pointed inscription on the bust; it is—"JOHN FULLER, who gave ten thousand pounds for the promotion of science in the Royal Institution."—In the library there was an admirable work of art—a portrait of the late Earl Spencer, who was for many years president of the Institution, painted and presented by Mr. Pickersgill.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

ON Monday evening the first of the series of meetings of this learned body, for the year 1835, took place in the great hall of the College: a paper was read by the president, Sir Henry Hallford, "On the diseases which occasioned the death of some of the celebrated men of Great Britain." The learned orator commenced by remarking upon the case of Cardinal Wolsey, whose history he recounted, including his rapid rise to the pinnacle of power and wealth, his struggles to support himself in the favour of the fickle prince whom he served, his unexpected fall, and the bitter grief which he suffered, and which aggravated, if it did not produce the disease of which he died. He also noticed the case of Queen Mary, who died of

* That, for instance, which has the picture of the new National Gallery on a large broadside framed in!—Ed. L. G.

dropsy; and those of James I. Charles II. and Oliver Cromwell, the last of whom was seized with his fatal illness at Hampton Court. He requested his chaplains to pray for him, and received in return a solemn assurance from them that he would recover; on the strength of this assurance he went to London, and resumed his habits of business, but died shortly after of the slow fever under which he laboured, and in defiance of the prognosis of his clerical friends. Of Dean Swift's last disease, Sir Henry observed, that it consisted of abscess of the brain, of long standing, which left the unfortunate patient in a state of slaving idiotcy; even in early life he suffered from uneasiness in the head, and consequent irritability of mind—a result often found to follow violent mental exertion; this fact, the orator thought, should induce us to look with more kindly feelings upon the violent and acrimonious attacks occasionally made by parties in political life, which might often be accounted for by a partially diseased condition of the brain. Sir Henry concluded an interesting discourse with an account of the death-bed of the late Duke of Gloucester, and a warm eulogium to his memory. Amongst the distinguished guests, were the present Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Primate of England, Sir C. M. Sutton, Lord Aberdeen, the Bishop of London, Lord Abinger, Sir N. Tindal, and Messrs. Goulbourn, Herries, and Wynn.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 17th.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair.—The reading of a paper, "On the physical and geological structure of the country to the west of the dividing range between Hunter's River (lat. 32° S.) and Moreton Bay (lat. 27° S.) with observations on the geology of Moreton Bay and Brisbane River, New South Wales," by Allan Cunningham, Esq. and communicated by Dr. Fitton; begun Dec. 3d, was resumed and concluded. A paper was next read, entitled, "Account of land and fresh-water shells found associated with the bones of land quadrupeds, beneath diluvial gravel, at Cropton, Worcestershire," by H. E. Strickland, Esq. A notice was afterwards read, by the Rev. David Williams, "On the bones of certain animals which have been recently discovered in the calcareo-magnesian conglomerate on Durdham Down, near Bristol.

Jan. 7.—The President in the chair.—A letter was first read from Dr. Bostock to Mr. Greenough, "On the analysis of water procured from a mineral spring in the Island of St. Paul, in the Indian Ocean (lat. 38° 45' S. long. 77° 53' E.)" by Capt. Ford. A letter was next read from Mr. Woodbine Parish, addressed to the president, containing a list of fossils collected by Mr. Parish from the Bognor Rock, and from the chalk near Felpham. An extract of a letter addressed to Charles Lyell, Esq. by Capt. Basil Hall, "On an alteration in the position of the columns in the temple of Serapim, near Naples," was then read; and afterwards a paper by Dr. Mitchell, "On the chalk and flint of Yorkshire compared with the chalk and flint of the southern counties of England."

Jan. 21.—The President, in the chair.—A paper was first read "On an outlying basin of lias on the borders of Salop and Cheshire, with an account of the lower lias between Gloucester and Worcester," by Mr. Murchison. A memoir was afterwards read, entitled, "A general view of the new red sandstone of the counties of Salop, Stafford, Worcester, and Gloucester; being an attempt

to subdivide the same into separate formations," by Mr. Murchison. The new lines of demarcation proposed by the author were laid down upon accompanying maps of the Ordnance Survey.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE Rev. G. C. Renouard in the chair.—The reading of Col. Jackson's paper on the congelation of the Neva was resumed and concluded. The author in one portion of his paper observes, that the last ice which comes down from the Ladoga, on the breaking up of the river, is invariably composed of vertical needles, so slightly agglomerated as to be separated on the least percussion. Upon examining the blocks of ice, he found in them all rows of very minute air-bubbles, extending in straight lines, sometimes a little inflected from the upper surface of the ice towards the lower, within from two inches to five of which they terminated. Other blocks presented these bubbles united, so as to form cylindrical canals a little thicker than a horse hair. In some pieces there were clefts united from top to bottom of the veins, separating the whole mass into vertical prisms, having a greater or less number of sides. In this state a slight shock was sufficient to detach them; and the block, with its shattered fragments was, in all respects, the exact miniature resemblance in crystal of the giant's causeway. The surface was like a tessellated pavement, and the columns rose close, adhering and parallel, from the compact mass of a few inches at the under surface. From observations made by the author, he finds that there is something like a relation of the temperature of the water to that of the air, the former following the latter after twenty-four hours.* There was likewise read a part of Lord Prudhoe's Journal, kept from day to day during his journey to Mount Sinai, in company with Major Felix, whose account we have already noticed. In the portion of his lordship's Journal which was read, there is little for observation. In Nubia, he met with our friend Champollion, of whose hieroglyphic knowledge he speaks highly. It was stated in the meeting-room, that the secrecy so long maintained respecting the last expedition of the Landers is about to be terminated by the publication of a work by Messrs. Laird and Oldfield.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this Society took place on Wednesday the 14th, at the Thatched House. It was well attended, above ninety members and visitors being present. Among many interesting collections of sketches and studies shewn, were some by M. Bonomi, who has recently returned from Egypt, after a long residence there; and others by Mr. C. Barry, made during his travels in Egypt and Nubia. The tables were abundantly supplied by the members and visitors with pictures, drawings, prints, sketches, &c.; and the gratification of the members and visitors, upon this favourable commencement of the session, was warmly expressed.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

ON Tuesday, T. Everitt, Esq. in the chair.—An interesting lecture was delivered by Dr. Ryan, on the different organisation of mineral, vegetable, and animal substances. Presents were laid upon the table from the Rev. T. Alington, of some specimens of wheat lately

* The same curious fact was ascertained by Captain Burnes in a voyage from India to England. See our report of Royal Society last week.

introduced into this country, the produce of which has been more abundant than from any species yet known. From Mr. Hannam, of Bath, surgeon, of 100 specimens of indigenous plants, dried and arranged. From the gardens of W. T. Iliif, of Newington, the medical plants now in leaf. From Dr. Sigmond, the root of the Convolvulus Jalapa, from the province of Xalapa, Mexico. From — Bennett, Esq. the Cassia Fistula, St. Ignatius Bean, and Ballotta Lanata. Some observations were made by Drs. Negri and James Johnson, on the efficacy of the latter plant in rheumatic affections, whether chronic or acute. Dr. Negri had heard that the exhibition of it was first attended with some degree of cuticular heat, which being quickly followed by diaphoresis, a cure was speedily effected. The specimen shewn came from Vienna, and it is said to have succeeded in Siberia. Dr. Sigmond, also, made some remarks on the St. Ignatius Bean, as affording the purest Strychnine.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

18^h 19^m 54^s—the Sun enters Pisces.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Taurus	5	7	36
☾ Full Moon in Leo	12	22	50
☾ Last Quarter in Scorpio	19	16	32
☾ New Moon in Aquarius	27	0	28

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Taurus	6	14	41
Mars in Gemini	9	3	10
Saturn in Virgo	17	0	1
Venus in Sagittarius	23	1	55
Uranus in Aquarius	26	0	46
Mercury in Pisces	28	2	47

4^h 8^m—the Moon in apogee. 16^h 5^m—in perigee.

2^h 16^m 42^s—Mercury in conjunction with γ Capricorni; difference in declination 42'. 3^h 16^m 44^s—with δ Capricorni; difference in declination 48'. 4^h 14^m 41^s—with μ Capricorni; difference in declination 1° 9'. 6^h 0^m 31^s—with Uranus; difference in declination 59'. 6^h 12^m 44^s—with α Aquarii; difference in declination 31'. 9^h—with 54 Aquarii; difference of latitude 7'. 10^h—with ε Aquarii; difference of latitude 2'. 13^h—with ζ Aquarii; difference of latitude 20'. 21^h 5^m 57^s—in perihelion. 22^h 15^m 57^s—greatest eastern elongation (18° 8'). 28^h 19^m 25^s—stationary. Mercury is an evening star throughout the month.

21^h 5^m 39^s—Venus in conjunction with δ Sagittarii; difference in declination 22'. This beautiful planet continues visible as a morning star.

9^h 5^m 32^s—Mars stationary in the vacant space between Auriga and Gemini.

1^h—Vesta two degrees north of 5 Tauri. 10^h—close to a star of the seventh magnitude in Taurus. 25^h—in a line between λ Tauri and the Pleiades. 1^h—Juno half a degree south of ε Aquarii. 20^h—Pallas three degrees south of 37 Ophiuchi. 17^h—Ceres three degrees south of η Ophiuchi and near a nebula. 21^h 15^m 3^s—Jupiter in quadrature with the Sun.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	1	12	19	24
	3	6	48	19
	10	8	44	5
	17	10	39	55
	24	12	35	46
	36	7	4	37
Second Satellite	9	6	0	46
Immersion	16	6	14	9
Emersion	16	8	36	53
Immersion	23	8	30	0
Emersion	23	11	13	1
Third Satellite	12	8	4	25
Immersion	19	9	34	26
Emersion	19	12	6	11

1st 21st 36th—Saturn stationary. 10th—major axis of the ring 41st 72nd; minor axis 9th 92nd. 15th 9th 41st—Uranus in conjunction with the Sun.

Deptford.

J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 22d.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Master of Arts.—Rev. W. Bray, Exeter College.
Bachelor of Arts.—W. T. Maunsell, Christ Church.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BRANDE in the chair.—Several gentlemen took their seats, for the first time, as fellows. Among them was Mr. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller, introduced by Mr. Pettigrew. A paper, entitled "Experimental researches in electricity," 9th series, by Mr. Faraday, was partly read. We will not injure this valuable paper by attempting an analysis in part, but reserve ourselves till its conclusion.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Among other donations to the Society, Mr. Collier presented a copy of a miracle play, called "The Marriage of the Virgin," now first printed from MS. Cotton, Vesp. D. viii.—(only twenty-five copies printed). Sir Thomas Phillips communicated three inedited Saxon charters.—A portion was read of extracts from the Hoby Papers, communicated through Mr. Carlisle. They consisted of a correspondence in the 30th of Henry the Eighth, between the king and Sir Thomas Wyatt, his ambassador to the emperor, on a treaty for the marriage of the Princess Mary with the emperor's son, the Prince of Spain.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JAN. 17. Sir Henry Willock in the chair.—Among the donations laid upon the table was a copy of the third edition of Mr. Shakespear's Hindustani and English Dictionary; which now appears with the addition of a copious index, so as to make it answer the purpose of a reversed, or English and Hindustani Dictionary. Manockjee Cursetjee, of Bombay, was elected a non-resident member of the Society. This intelligent Parsi, whose certificates for admission were signed by several distinguished individuals of Bombay, proves, as the chairman took occasion to observe, the increased desire of the natives to obtain European honours and distinctions; and also the advancement of civilisation in India. The paper read was on the land tenures of the Deccan, by Lieut.-Col. Sykes, and reflects much credit on the abilities of the author. Among much other interesting matter in this paper, Col. Sykes informs us that the Maharattas do not pretend to be the aborigines, but that they have a tradition among them of having come from the north, and of being of Rajpoot descent. The Colonel enters into a detailed consideration of the character of the tenures of the Deccan, but which our limits will not permit us to enter upon.

It was announced that the meeting of the 7th of February would be made special, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of presenting to Lieutenant Burnes a diploma, constituting him a perpetual member of the Society.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WYATT'S SCULPTURE.

MR. MATTHEW COTES WYATT has re-opened, in Old Bond Street, but in a room much

better suited to the purpose than that of last year, his Exhibition of the Statues of Horses, the late Earl of Dudley's Dog, Bashaw, and other works in sculpture, most of which have been already mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* with the high praise which they deserved. Among the chief additions is a coloured model of the Head of a Horse, which is certainly one of the most spirited and admirable productions of the kind that we ever met with. The noble animal is represented in a state of great anger and excitement; his eyes flashing fire, his veins distended, his mouth half open, his teeth displayed, and (with the sagacious instinct by which his species is distinguished) his ears and nostrils, those most susceptible organs, lying flat and close, and thereby guarded, as much as possible, from the retaliation which the fierce attack that he is evidently meditating may probably provoke. It is the expression of a moment, and must have required great quickness and repeated means of observation, to seize and fix. Another novelty is of a very ingenious description. It may be called, in the language of artists, the "lay-figure" of a horse. By the aid of metallic pivots, on which the various joints turn, and which are so managed as to allow those joints to remain in the position in which they have been placed, Mr. Wyatt has contrived to give to half-a-dozen small pasteboard figures—all from the same model (and the number might be increased indefinitely), the utmost variety of character and action; from the vigour and animation of the youthful racer, to the decrepitude and listlessness of the old dead-beat hackney-coach horse. Even to the skilful animal painter or modeller this invention may suggest new and striking compositions, which would not have presented themselves to his imagination; but to those who are not familiar with the form of the horse, it must be invaluable. The most prominent features of Mr. Wyatt's Exhibition continue, however, to be, his exquisite mosaic-sculptured dog, and his magnificent original statues of a colossal horse, and of the horse of St. George trampling on the dragon.

POMPEII.

Naples, January.

THE excavations at Pompeii have again produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne a magnificent sacrum has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of a Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl, who has the sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments, in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow colour on a red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations.

In the house called that of Dædalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swimming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Sicily. Polyphemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops.

A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger, more swift, has already seized him

under the belly. Meantime a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild boar upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little further off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another bear is flying in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscape and the hunting-piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colours, which produce a wonderful effect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Venice. Engraved by H. Le Keux, from a drawing by Samuel Prout, Esq., F.S.A. F. G. Moon.

A WORTHY companion to the noble print from Eastlake's "Byron's Dream," which was brought out some time ago by the same enterprising publisher. It represents the celebrated "City of the Sea" in the point of view in which the decaying, though still splendid remains, of its ancient aristocratic magnificence are beheld to the greatest advantage. The lofty Campanile Tower, the elegant Public Library, the majestic columns of St. Theodore and St. Mark, the stately and richly-ornamented Palace of the Doge, the melancholy Bridge of Sighs, all fully, and the Orlogio, the Church of St. Mark, the Loggia, and other noted edifices, partially displayed, contribute to form one of the grandest and most picturesque scenes of the kind that Europe can boast. It has been treated by Mr. Prout with his usual skill, power, and taste. With the real and permanent he has happily combined the imaginary and fluctuating, having called in the aid of masses of gondolas and other vessels to give vigour and contrast to his composition; and having also enlivened it by the introduction of numerous and appropriate figures, the fanciful costume of some of which adds greatly to their interest. Mr. Le Keux has evidently availed himself to the utmost extent of the opportunity afforded him of exercising his well-known talents as a line-engraver. Whether considered with reference to the breadth of the general effect, or to the finish of the particular details, nothing can be more admirable than this fine print, which will add another leaf to the wreath that already encircles the brows of British art.

The Knight Templar. Bonington pinxt.; S. W. Reynolds sculpt. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

A STERN and stately soldier of the cross, attended by two youthful pages; one bearing his helmet, the other restraining his faithful dog, who is evidently anxious to accompany his master to the field. To the powerful chiaroscuro of Rembrandt there is added in this spirited and charming little print an elegance of which the celebrated Fleming could seldom, if ever, boast.

The Honourable Mrs. Norton. Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by J. C. Bromley. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

FROM the time when Mr. Parris started at once into well-deserved celebrity by the production of his exquisite "Bridemaid," we have repeatedly expressed our admiration of the taste and elegance displayed in the various performances of his pencil. Nothing can exceed the skill of the arrangement in the portrait under our notice, or the breadth and grandeur, and, at the same time, the firmness and reality with

which the different accessories of the composition are represented. With the treatment and expression of the countenance, however, we confess that we are not quite satisfied. But the subject is no doubt one of great difficulty; and perhaps the artist, able as he has frequently shewn himself in that respect, may not have been fortunate in selecting the best view of the features, or in placing them in the light best calculated to shew their spirit, refinement, and intellectuality.

Sketches from Nature. By J. Inskipp. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff. Plate VI. Tilt.

WE will venture to say, that "by hook or by crook" this pretty little reaper will contrive to gather in an abundant harvest of hearts. There is a witchery in the glance of her dark eye perfectly irresistible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Oh! come again to me, my love,
Oh! come again to me,
For I am very sorrowful
When parted, love, from thee:
Like a deserted child, that seeks
In vain its mother's breast,
Or a lone bird, whose mate hath flown
To some more dear one's nest.

Then meet me in the greenwood lane,
Where we so oft have met,
I'll tell thee how my heart hath grieved
For joys 'twill ne'er forget.
I'll shew thee how the sunless flowers
Droop mournfully and pale;
I'll shew thee Autumn's faded leaves—
They tell mine own sad tale.

I'll shew to thee the dewy tears
That lave each flowret's eye;
I'll bid thee list the wailing, as
The weary grass doth sigh;
I'll bid thee gaze upon my brow,
Which peace hath left a wreck;
For well I know thy sunny looks
Will lure the wanderer back.

Then, come!—I'll lead thee to the stile
Where we've oft lingered long,
And blent our tearful murmurs with
The cuckoo's plaintive song:
Yes, come!—and I will tell thee, love,
What only sighs may speak;
Or, brooding o'er its silent grief,
My lonely heart will break.

J. MAXWELL.

DRAMA.

THE Drama of the past week may be compressed into a nut-shell, without depriving our readers of much theatrical intelligence. At *Covent Garden*, on Tuesday, Miss E. Romer for the first time sustained the character of *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*, charmingly; and was well supported in the musical department by Seguin, Templeton, and Miss Betts. On Thursday, the sweet voice of Wilson was also heard here in *Fra Diavolo*.

At the *Olympic*, *Not a Word* has been produced. It is, nevertheless, a good story; and *Liston* as *Tricolore*, with Mrs. Griffiths as his (suspected) wife, make a clever scene of it. J. Bland, F. Mathews, J. Vining, and the pretty Miss Fitzwalter, fill the other parts with much ability; and, though Vestris has been absent through indisposition, the entertainments have gone off very smoothly.

At the *Queen's Theatre* another novelty has been brought forward, and afforded Miss Morand an opportunity of displaying considerable talent.

The *Malibran catastrophe* is, as we suspected, a hoax. She is singing with great success, and without any stiletto in her throat to stimulate her.

Laporte, we believe, will open the Opera sooner than has been stated; that is, before the end of February.

The French Plays are, as yet, but thinly attended. *L'Auberge des Adrets* was performed once, and M. Lemaître was, we hear, admirable in his personation; but the piece was not repeated on Thursday, when we purposed seeing it. On that night the first drama, *La Famille Riquebourg*, was dull; but the second, *Les Deux Philiberts*, extremely merry, and displaying great comic skill in the same actor. A new actress, of the name of Mademoiselle Wilmen, was very effective and natural in *Angeline, ou, la Champenoise* (the third piece): she is pretty, and has a very sweet and expressive voice. The hearing in the upper boxes is, however, very indistinct; and we can hardly offer a certain judgment either on the performances or the performers.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

ADELAIDE STREET GALLERY.

THIS delightful and instructive lounge has again opened for the season, and both for old and young, masculine and feminine, offers, daily, one of the most pleasing and various gratifications that can be imagined. We spent two hours of Thursday afternoon in the gallery, where, perhaps a hundred other visitors were assembled. The most novel matter was a lecture by Mr. Maugham, on an apparatus for cooking without fire. The experiment was shewn with a tin box, in the centre of which was a drawer, where beefsteaks and eggs were deposited. In the compartments, above and below, lime was placed, and slaked with water. The usual process took place, heat was disengaged, and the victuals were perfectly dressed, without receiving any peculiar flavour or taste from the means employed. It is obvious that an invention of this kind may be conveniently applied under many domestic circumstances, where fire or boiling water could be dispensed with; such as heating tea-urns, warming beds, &c. &c. independently of bachelor dinnering, without care or trouble. The operation took about half an hour.

Among the other interesting sights was the decomposition of water by the magnet, the imparting of temporary magnetic power by a galvanic battery (both clearly explained by Mr. Parke), an oxy-hydrogen microscope, firing of steam guns, sailing of tiny models of vessels, beautiful imitative rope-dancing, by figures moved mechanically, the exquisite changes of colour in a mimic cathedral window viewed through tourmaline, and indeed a multitude of attractive objects, including new musical instruments, models of machinery, &c., architectural designs, paintings, &c. &c. &c. We earnestly advise our young friends especially to spend a few days at this gallery, which will amply repay them in amusement and information.

VARIETIES.

Bad Habits.—At the College of Physicians on Monday, some of the patients who attended were much benefited. They got rid of sun-

dry bad habits of body, and were enabled to adopt good habits instead. Others, however, suffered considerably; and it is doubtful if ever they will be altogether restored to the state in which they originally sought the Hall, the outer coats or coverings being so entirely removed as scarcely to leave a hope of renewal.

Literary and Scientific Meetings for the Week.

Monday 2d.—Entomological (1), Phrenological (2), Medical (3), Harveian (4).

Tuesday 3d.—Linnean (5), Horticultural (6), Civil Engineers (7).

Wednesday 4th.—Geological (8), Society of Arts (9), Royal Society of Literature (10).

Thursday 5th.—Royal Society (11), Antiquaries (12), Zoological (13).

Friday 6th.—Royal Institution (14).

Saturday 7th.—Royal Asiatic (15), Westminster Medical (16).

Aneurismal Tumours.—The Commission for adjudging the Mouthyon legacy, in Paris, has awarded it to our countryman, Mr. B. Phillips, for his essay on a mode of curing aneurismal tumours without ligature or the knife, by passing silk threads through the sac. There were fifty-seven competitors.

Improvements.—The long projected intercourse between England and Egypt—and India by the route of the Red Sea, is appointed to be carried into operation, for the first time, by the Mediterranean mail, which is despatched on the 2d of March. The Euphratic expedition, under Colonel Chesney, which has been somewhat delayed, will probably leave this country a short time previously.

Steam.—The use of steam-vessels is extending in every quarter of the globe. Little as Austria is of a naval power, there are now Austrian steamers, of great dimensions, employed between Trieste and Constantinople, including visits to Corfu, Nauplia, Smyrna, &c.

Numismatics.—A golden medal of the Gauls, anterior to the Roman invasion, has recently been dug up near Valenciennes. It is well executed, and in fine preservation. On one side is a head with curled hair, and a Greek Galba without ornaments;—on the other, a horse between a star and something resembling a wheel, with a man on foot, stretching out his arm towards the animal.

The Art of Poetic Painting.—A shilling pamphlet by Thomas Cowan, which contains some good hints for the highest classes of composition; but itself coins and employs words in senses quite unexampled in the English language, and liable to great misconstruction. Thus, we hear of the "arrestive" power of discourse, and of the Imagerial Faculty having been left "unprincipled and unexercised," &c. The author asserts that Imagerial Science is as susceptible of elements, laws, and processes, as mathematical science, and geometrical demonstrations!!

Siamese-twin-fish.—Professor Silliman's American Scientific Journal contains an account (since copied into the London *Mirror*) of a couple of cat-fish caught in a shrimp-net off the coast of Carolina, in August 1833, and joined together exactly in the same manner as the Siamese boys. One was 3½ and the other 2½ inches long; and the latter emaciated. Each fish was perfect, and though there was a hollow in the integument by which they were united,

1 Bond Street. 2 Pantion Square. 3 Bolt Court.
4 Edward Street. 5 Soho Square. 6 Regent Street.
7 Cannon Row. 8 Somerset Place. 9 Adelphi. 10 St Martin's Place. The days and hours of meeting are proposed to be immediately changed from Wednesday to Thursdays, and from three to four o'clock, p.m.
11 12 Somerset House. 13 Bruton Street. 14 Albemarle Street. 15 Grafton Street. 16 Windmill Street.

* The Graphic Society, the Architects' Societies, several Artists' Associations and Meetings, shall be indicated hereafter, when we have procured the requisite information.

the viscera were entirely distinct. They appeared to be able to swim side-by-side in the natural way.

A New Invention.—The Taunton (Mass.) *Whig* states, that a gentleman in Boston, who owns a large chemical establishment, has discovered a new species of fire, which produces a most intense heat. It is produced by the mixture of tar and water. With this kind of fuel a steam-boat can pass the Atlantic with the greatest safety. The discoverer declares that he can carry a steam-boat from Providence to New York, by using this fuel, for five dollars. It is said that the invention of the cotton-gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the Southern States; and we are of opinion that the discovery above mentioned will double the value of the steam-engine. It will be especially important to the engines which are employed upon the rail-roads, and will remove one of the greatest obstacles to the general use of locomotives upon common roads.—*New York Booksellers' Advertiser.*

Epigram.

Bill thinks his book has fancy shewn—
It has:—Bill fancies it his own.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Ancient Chronicle.—A chronicle of the 11th century has, it is stated, been brought to light, after having been supposed lost. It is the original M.S. of the *Chronique de St. Bavin*; and has been found at Mechlin.

In the Press.

The History of our Municipal Institutions, by Mr. Sergeant Merewether and Mr. Stephens, of the Western Circuit, is on the eve of publication. The authors have been engaged for a considerable period in the investigation; and the information having been compiled from direct reference to the original records at the Tower, the Rolls Chapel, the Harleian, Lansdown, Cotton, Hargrave, Egerton, and other collections of public MSS., as well as from numerous private sources. It is to be expected that the public will derive valuable information upon this most important subject, which has hitherto been involved in much obscurity.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, by R. Southey, James Montgomery, &c. &c. Vol. I. (forming Vol. LXIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), small 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Observations on the Cause and Treatment of Ulcerous Diseases of the Leg, by J. C. Spender, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Prize Treatise on the Mineral Basin of Glamorgan, &c. by T. W. Hooker, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. sewed.—Draper's Bible Lives from the History of the Old Testament, 2 vols. 32mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Grammar of Entomology, by E. Newman, 12mo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—Barwell's Little Lessons, 2d Series, square, 3s. cloth.—Summary View and Explanation of the Writings of the Prophets, by John Smith, D.D. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Rev. James Anderson's Sermons on Elijah, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Hints to Young Clergymen, by an Incumbent, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Rev. H. Stebbing's Discourse on Death, 6p. 4s. cloth.—Hebrew Characters derived from Hieroglyphics, by John Lamb, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—The Principles of Practical Perspective, by R. Brown, 2d edition, Part I. royal 4to. 16s. cloth.—The Church Liturgy Explained and Illustrated, by Mary Anne Rundall, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.—Nine Sermons on the Church Catechism, by the Rev. J. W. Hatherell, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cloth.—Chambers's Lives of Illustrious Scotsmen, 4 vols. 8vo. 2s. 12s. 6d. royal 8vo. 4s. 4s. bds.—Lessons in Words and Objects, by John Smith, Esq. 2d edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Noel and Chapin's New French and English Exercises, by J. H. Sievra, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Key to the above, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Treatise on Lesser Surgery, translated from the French of Bourguery, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Gradus ad Parnassum, new edition, small 8vo. 8s. bd.—The Book of Genesis, with Observations and References, by the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp, imp. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cloth.—Sacred Poetry, by a Layman, new edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Book of the Heart, or Sentimental Pocket Companion, 5s. not.—Analysis and Compendium of Population Returns, Church Establishment, Parochial Assessments, &c. &c. 1801-1835, by Marshall, royal 4to. 3s. 3s. cloth.—Regenda of the North and Border Ministries, selected chiefly from Sir Walter Scott's Works, with Illustrations, small 8vo. 4s. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—The French Reader's Guide, by M. de la Claverie, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—History of Europe during the French Revolution, Vols. III. and IV. to 1804, by Archibald Alison, 8vo. 30s. bds.—The Stranger in America, by Francis Lieber, 2 vols. small 8vo. 21s. bds.—Hume's History of England, with Illustrations, Vol. XIII. 8s. cloth.—Sacred Classics, Vol. XIV. (Leighon on the Creed, &c.) 3s. 6d. cloth.—A Summary of the History and Law of the United States, by J. B. Kelly, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 2d Series, Vol. XXV. (Fifth and last Vol. of Sessions of 1834), 8vo. 30s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 8	From 24 to 30	30.09 to 29.90
Friday... 9	... 29 .. 49	29.80 .. 29.60
Saturday... 10	... 38 .. 52	29.54 .. 29.51
Sunday... 11	... 40 .. 54	29.49 .. 29.48
Monday... 12	... 41 .. 51	29.49 .. 29.58
Tuesday... 13	... 42 .. 53	29.69 .. 29.55
Wednesday 14	... 38 .. 52	29.46 .. 29.43

Wind variable, W. and S.W. prevailing.
Cloudy, with rain at times on the 9th and 11th; sunshine frequent during the last four days.
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 15	From 40 to 53	29.49 to 29.64
Friday... 16	... 42 .. 55	29.65 .. 29.53
Saturday... 17	... 27 .. 43	29.50 .. 29.56
Sunday... 18	... 25 .. 41	29.46 .. 29.29
Monday... 19	... 33 .. 43	29.09 .. 29.19
Tuesday... 20	... 26 .. 36	29.46 .. 29.64
Wednesday 21	... 19 .. 34	29.69 .. 30.06

Wind variable, W. and N.W. prevailing.
Except the 17th, 20th, and 21st, cloudy, with rain on the morning of the 16th and 19th. Snow fell on the evening of the 19th, much of which melted as soon as it fell. During the night of the 21st, snow fell; average depth, 1 inch.
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, December 1834.

Thermometer—Highest.....	59° 00'—the 31st.
Lowest.....	24° 00'—the 23d.
Mean.....	37° 9' 129.
Barometer—Highest.....	30° 35'—11th, 15th, and 16th.
Lowest.....	28° 98'—1st.
Mean.....	30° 03' 709.

Number of days of rain..... 24.
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 0.78125.
Winds.—2 East—5 West—5 North—5 South—3 North-east—1 South-east—2 South-west—8 North-west.

General Observations.—The month was colder, as to extremes and mean, than for the last three years, in the same month. The quantity of rain was considerably less than in any December since 1829; and the barometer was extraordinarily high, the mean being above any one for any month in the last twelve years. A lunar halo was seen for several hours on the night of the 13th, with misty area, when the planet Jupiter was dimly seen within the circle. About 6 P.M. on the 22d, an Aurora Borealis was observed in the north-west, forming a brilliant arch of silvery light, the lower portion of which partook of a brownish tint; from this arch streams of a light gray colour shot up at intervals, and passing through part of Ursa major, vanished immediately. These appearances did not continue long; and by 7 o'clock a bright light only remained, which soon afterwards became obscured. This was the most brilliant Aurora that has been seen at Wycombe since the 7th of January, 1831. The extraordinary phenomenon of a rainbow on Christmas Day occurred this December, about half-past 10 A.M.; the first instance in the journalist's experience.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Reports of public Societies are this week so numerous that we have again postponed the Experiments on the Sun's Rays: I's notes on the same subject we will consider by next Saturday; and we have also paused on the Versions from the German by L. E. L., though the next in succession is of a new and dramatic form.

The favours of many correspondents will be answered by letter as soon as possible; and others shall receive public attention, though at present necessarily deferred.

To our correspondent F.R.S., we have only to state, that we have, as he will see, adopted his suggestion to insert in the *Lit. Gazette* a list of the scientific and literary meetings appointed for the ensuing week. We confess that, previously, it had appeared to us to be unnecessary, as every member of every society has a card of its days for the session, and regular summonses when necessary; but as other parties, strangers, visitors to London, and the public generally, may take an interest in these appointments, it is a very easy matter for us to transcribe them from the card which is annually published at the cost of one sixpence.

The postage of a letter from Genoa, of Dec. 22, amounted to the price of nine *Literary Gazettes*: which we consider to be rather too much on the business of an utter stranger. Our only consolation (as the post-office refuses relief) is in three lines about St. Helena.

"Turn thy dark brow, thou ocean-wanderer, turn
And view the grave of him who sought no urn:
Who thought to bound his empire with the sky!"

Many communications are not good enough for the *Literary Gazette*; some are too good. "Some" comes under the latter proscription.

Excuse.—In the notice of the Victoria performances last Saturday, for *Gale* read *Vale*.

* Query, the Isle of I.—Ed. L. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

The late EARL of DUDLEY's favourite
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St. Vincent, Tobago, Tortola, and Trinidad, at 6d. the Quarter;
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many, and the North of Europe, Madeira, South America, and
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to Dr. Edmund Schuster, Imperial Advocate to the Bohemian
States, Prague, if possible, by the 14th of February, 1835.

If the sale of the above Collection should not be effected entire,
it will be submitted separately for sale, by auction, on April the
14th (15th) and following Days, at Prague, in the presence of
Messrs. B. Catalogues may be had of Messrs. Kidd, Young,
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